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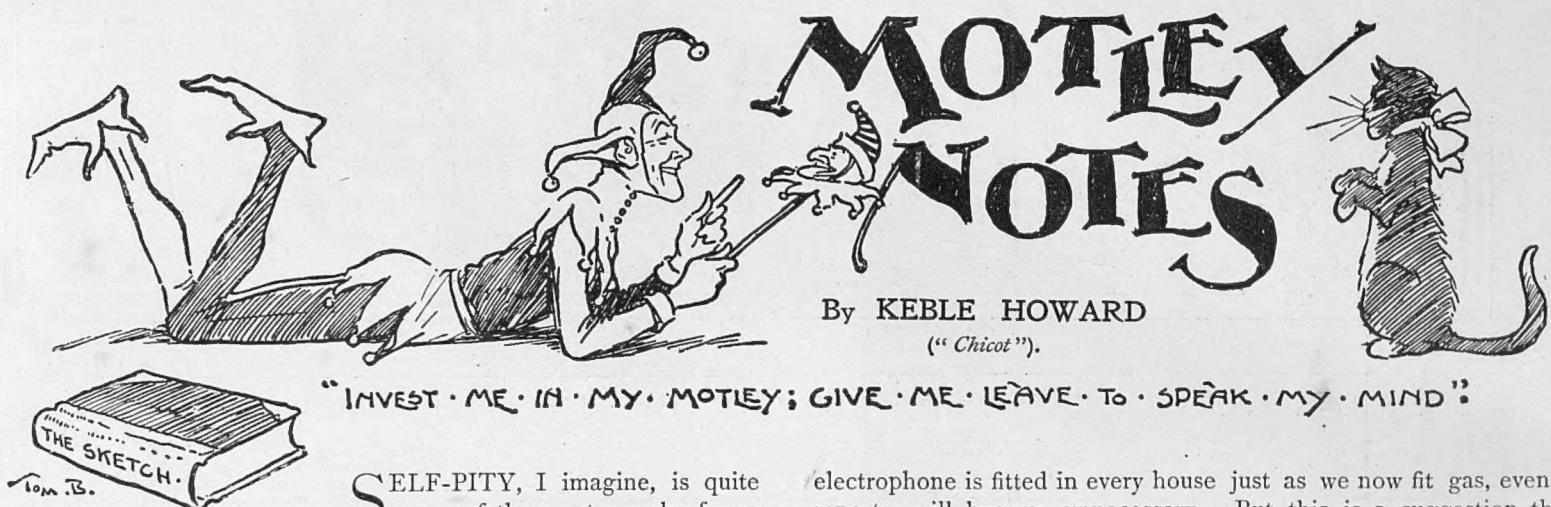
SIXPENCE.



[Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

A MELO-FARICAL SCENE FROM "THE FLOOD-TIDE," AT DRURY LANE.

Miss Claire Romaine consoles Mr. Weedon Grossmith, who has been severely censured for his unconventional behaviour in the Kempton Park scene.



SELF-PITY, I imagine, is quite one of the most popular forms of emotion. At any rate, I am well aware that, in moments of dejection, I wallow in self-pity. At such times, in order to enjoy my mood to the full, I wander alone through the jangling streets and point out to myself what a lot of people there are who don't care a rush who I am or where I am going. Sometimes it happens, however, that, by some sudden stroke of good-fortune, my dejection is converted into elation, and then I jeer at my self-pity for all the world as though the saving grace of gratitude formed no part of my multilateral character. Let me give you an example. On Thursday evening of last week I was feeling particularly sorry for myself. I had wanted to be in Sheffield and to hear Mr. Balfour's historic utterances on the fiscal question. But Business, that stern gaoler, had kept me in London all the day, and thus it happened that, as night fell, I wandered forth to luxuriate in my misery. How long I wandered—as the melodramatic serial-writers say—I know not, but presently I found myself in the grip of friendly hands that drew me, wondering, into a spacious apartment and placed me in a comfortable arm-chair.

On recovering from my surprise, I glanced around the room, and observed that, of the twenty or twenty-five men present, the majority of them wore that look of jaded intelligence that is the inevitable mark of the man from Fleet Street. Whilst I was yet gaping in astonishment at what had befallen me, a cigar was thrust into my mouth, a glass containing unholy refreshment was placed upon the little table at my elbow, and Mr. Balfour himself said in my ear, "I mean to talk to you to-night upon one subject, and one subject alone." I snatched the cigar out of my mouth, and looked round sharply. The Prime Minister was nowhere to be seen, but I noticed that every man in the room was busily writing in shorthand. I wondered whether I, too, ought to write something, but Mr. Balfour was still speaking, clearly and loudly, into my ear, and I decided that I had better make the most of my dream while it lasted. "There are those," the Prime Minister continued, "who would attribute this new importance which it (the fiscal question) has acquired to a great speech delivered by a great man"—and then I heard a noise of cheering that caused me to look round for a mass of roaring enthusiasts. Still, however, we were only twenty jaded journalists, and the other nineteen were busily writing.

The cheering died away presently, and Mr. Balfour went on with his speech. For an hour he talked into my ear, but every now and then, when the cheering noise made it impossible for him to continue, I heard him speak, in an aside, to somebody else. For example, a great tumult of applause followed his remarks on freedom of negotiation, "of which," he said, "we have been deprived . . . by something which I can only describe as our pedantry and our own self-conceit." And then, under cover of the shouting, I heard him remark, with a chuckle of excitement, "We'll give it to 'em!" It was a fascinating experience, I can tell you, to sit in that arm-chair, smoking a cigar, and hear the first statesman of the Empire delivering one of the most important speeches of the age 220 miles away. For you will have guessed, by this time, that I had found my way into the offices of the Electrophone Company, and that my dream was no dream, but a wonderful reality. The possibilities of the electrophone, of course, are endless. No longer will a politician explain his views to a mere five-thousand audience; mass-meetings will become a thing of the past; the reporter will do his work without leaving Fleet Street. For the speaker will sit in his study, his notes at his side, and just talk the whole thing into the electrophone. In time, no doubt, when the

electrophone is fitted in every house just as we now fit gas, even the reporter will become unnecessary. But this is a suggestion that I should never dare to make within the walls of the London Press Club.

Mr. Balfour finished speaking at nine-thirty, so that I was just in time for the second Act of "Dolly Varden," the American comic opera at the Avenue Theatre. Luckily or unluckily, I found myself sitting next to a celebrated composer of English musical comedies, who turned in his seat every other minute, and never ceased to fan himself with his programme. It was evident, in short, that the gentleman on my right had no very great opinion of "Dolly Varden." Whether the piece was really dull, or whether his restlessness communicated itself to me, I am not quite certain; but, after ten minutes or so, I would have given anything to be outside again, cooling my fiscal-heated brain on the banks of the slow-moving Thames. As it was, I sat in my stall until the curtain fell and then went home with a headache. The one significant feature of the production, apart from the gorgeousness of the dresses, was the beautiful silence of the gallery. But, since that little trouble at the Criterion, there is not much hooting to be heard in Mr. Frank Curzon's theatres.

In the October number of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "Sylvanus Urban" makes an extraordinary attack upon linotype operators. "By the old processes of hand-composition," he says, "workmen of a certain amount of experience, and consequently of some slight literary knowledge, were employed. By the modern arrangement the linotype operator represents the output of several compositors. These are now, as a rule, extremely young men, still in their novitiate as regards 'case,' and without one iota of training outside the mechanical portion of their work." Mr. "Urban," I am afraid, is talking without knowledge. In fact, were it not for my habit of taking myself very seriously, I should feel inclined to say that Mr. "Urban" was talking through his hat. Many of my personal friends are linotype operators, and I need hardly say that they are people of culture and education. Some of them earn more than their sub-editors, yet that is only one of my reasons for claiming them as friends.

Mr. "Urban" then goes on to assert that these illiterate compositors are in part responsible for lowering the tone of the newspaper press. "By the earlier arrangement," he asserts, "the scholar or the careful writer had a chance that his work might be competently treated; by the later system his case is hopeless. Should any sentence in his manuscript puzzle the novice, there is not time to delay in order to ascertain its meaning, and excisions or curtailments are made by those wholly unfitted for the task." The picture drawn by the writer of the hurried compositor deleting French, Latin, and Greek quotations from his "copy" is too delightful to pass unnoticed. If such a state of things ever came to pass, I wonder what would happen to Mr. Walkley's copy, which generally reaches the composing-room of the *Times* between the hours of twelve and one midnight. "Wot O!" one can hear Mr. "Sylvanus Urban's" compositor exclaiming, "more of this blooming Greek! W'y don't the covey stick to 'is own bloomin' langwidge?" And then—a slash with the blue pencil and good-bye to a glistening gem from Aristophanes, or a specious little bit from Aristotle. To be serious, however, the employment of type-setting machines on daily papers means, of course, a gain of time, and the increased rate of payment makes it worth while for men of sound education to become compositors. So that, with all respect to the gentleman who writes the "Table Talk" for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, he really is table-talking through his hat. A less emphatic phrase, I fear, would hardly do justice to such literary jugglings.

## THE AMERICAN COMIC OPERA AT THE AVENUE.



SKETCHES OF "DOLLY VARDEN" BY RALPH CLEAVER.

## THE CLUBMAN.

*Lord Curzon in the Persian Gulf—Uniforms on the Stage.*

THE greatest of our present-day Viceroys is following the splendid example of that King-Emperor whom he represents in our great Eastern Empire and is doing some Ambassadorial work himself. In England we are so occupied with Fiscal policies and other matters which bring sorrow to men who, like myself, are no politicians and have not mathematical minds, that the approaching visit of Lord Curzon to the ports in the Persian Gulf has attracted far less attention in Great Britain than it has in Russia. Yet it will immensely increase the prestige of our country in the Kingdom of Sleep, and will delight the hearts of the pioneers of our race in the realms of the Shah, who have complained bitterly of late

years that Russia is having all her own way at Teheran. I once heard one of our most able diplomats say that the one Ministry which he hoped might not be offered to him was that in Persia, for the man who was sent there was expected to combat things accomplished. The wail which has gone up from the Russian newspapers shows that the Empire of the North fears that Lord Curzon may be able to regain ground lost by us in Southern Persia and may be able to make our influence felt once again in the capital. The greatest of our Ambassadors, the King, showed how much he valued the friendship of the Shah when that monarch paid a visit to this country, and the courtesy of Lord Curzon will add to the good feeling between the two countries. The new

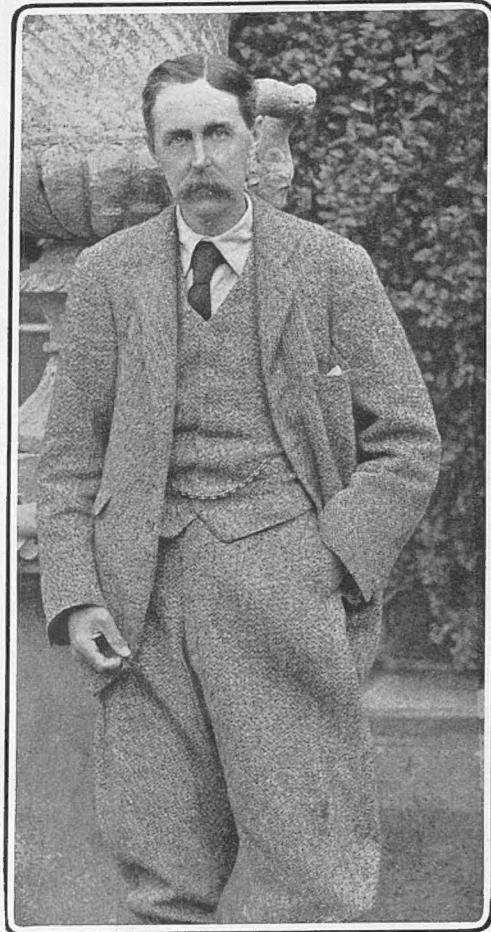
Grand Vizier, a relative of the Shah, is said to be patriotic

The matter of uniforms on the stage has come into Club conversation again, and the Service Clubs are very warmly on the side of the authorities who will not allow the King's uniform to be brought into disrepute. Those who argue on the other side forget that not only is the uniform of the soldier the outward sign that he is a servant of the King, but that the hands of soldiers serving with the colours are tied, and a regiment considering themselves insulted could only act as an individual officer does and report the matter through the various grades of officers in command until the complaint reached the Commander-in-Chief. If the highest authority considered the complaint justified, the Lord Chamberlain would be communicated with, as having permitted the play which contained the incident complained of to be performed. In no play produced nowadays are the

uniforms those of any particular regiment. In Captain Marshall's "Second in Command," a play which every soldier regarded sympathetically, the uniform was that of Dragoon Guards, but without any badges or any distinctive mark that would indicate any especial regiment. In "Brother Officers," most of the characters appeared in the undress-uniform of a Lancer regiment, and were supposed to belong to the 1st Lancers, a regiment which never had an existence. In "The Man who Was," no one could put a name or number to the White Hussars or the regiment of the Punjab Field Force. In "One of the Best," in the course of which an officer was stripped of all insignia of his rank on parade, especial care was taken that no Highland regiment should think that the soldiers on the stage were intended to represent them. A tartan was chosen which no regiment wears, and sporran and badges and hackle were all different from those worn by any corps in the service. I do not think it is a matter for the retired officers in the smoking-rooms to grow warm over, for managers and playwrights are patriotic Britons like the rest of us, and, even if they were not, their audiences are.

MR. JOHN BILLINGTON, WHO IS TAKING HIS FAREWELL OF THE STAGE.

*Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.*



THE LATE SIR MICHAEL HERBERT.  
(See "Small Talk of the Week.")  
*Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.*

and honest. The statesman who has fallen is one of the cleverest men in the East, but he was always said to be a splendid financier in his own interest. One example of his cleverness was that, when he wished to talk with Europeans who came to see him on the subject of concessions and similar matters and did not care to employ an interpreter, he determined to learn French and mastered that language sufficiently in two months to make himself understood.

The retirement of Mr. John Billington removes from the stage an actor of sterling merit and one who is deservedly popular with both players and playgoers. Writing on the eve of his testimonial benefit at the Haymarket, it is possible only to say that this promises to be a great success. Sir Henry Irving returns to town expressly to appear in "Waterloo," and among the many leading people in the theatrical world who are testifying to their respect and affection for their old colleague may be mentioned Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Cyril Maude, Messrs. George and Weedon Grossmith, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, Miss Louie Freear, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

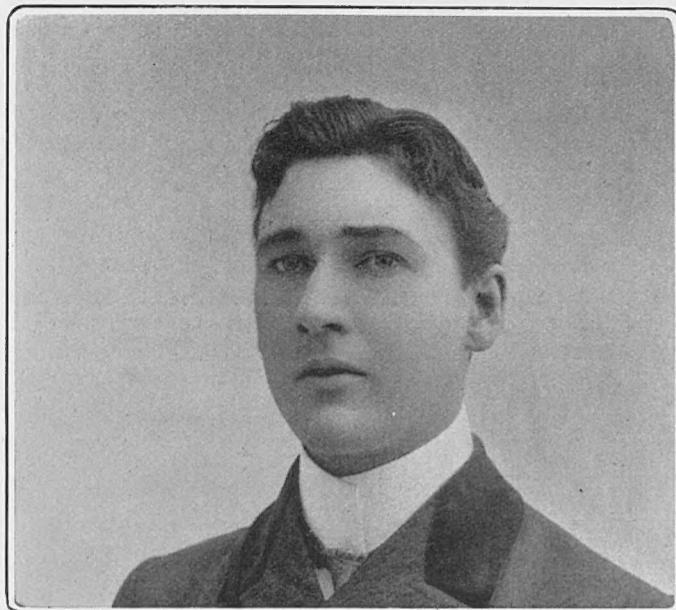


THE TRIUMPH OF THE ELECTROPHONE: JOURNALISTS IN LONDON LISTENING TO MR. PALFOUR'S SPEECH AT SHEFFIELD (OCT. 1).  
*Photograph by Campbell and Gray, Cheapside. (See "Motley Notes.")*

## "THE FLOOD-TIDE," AT DRURY LANE: SOME MELODRAMATIC CHARACTERS.



MABEL CORRY (MISS DAISY THIMM)



CAPTAIN JACK CHAMPION, V.C. (MR. ROBERT MINSTER).

These interesting young people are faithful to each other throughout three trying Acts, and get married at the end of the play.



[Photographs by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.]

THE EARL OF SUTTON (MR. JOHN TRESAHAR) AND DICK CHAMPION (MR. J. H. BARNES).

*The Earl, an unsympathetic villain, sells his magnificent racehorse to old Dick Champion, a sympathetic villain.*





## SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

their welfare touches him nearly. While at Balmoral His Majesty was in constant communication with his Ministers, and he held long personal conferences with the Premier; but even Kings have to bow to the exigencies of time and space, and London remains, from the political point of view, the centre of the universe.

*The King and Queen of Greece.* Time was when King George and Queen Olga of Greece were the handsomest and most romantic of reigning Sovereigns, and when the young new ruler of the Isles of Greece first brought his Russian bride home to Athens the girl Queen was only sixteen and he but some four years older. Though they are still in sunny middle-age, they have been grandparents for many years past, their elder grandchildren being the son and daughter of the beloved young Princess Alexandra of Greece, whose happy marriage to a Russian cousin was followed, after a tragically short interval, by her death. King George has been a frequent visitor to this country. He is said, but it is very difficult to know if such sayings are true, to be our popular Queen Consort's favourite among her many brothers and sisters. If this be so, it is probably owing to his bright and sunny disposition, which makes him the most delightful companion and friend. Queen Olga is a devoted mother to her many children; she has never wholly recovered from the death of her eldest daughter, and of late years she has given up much of her time to good works, especially to the beautifully named Evangelinos Hospital, which is entirely managed by herself and a Committee of ladies belonging to Athenian Society. The children of the King and Queen of Greece have all married relations of our King and Queen. The Crown Princess was Princess Sophia of Prussia, and now Prince Andrew, the merriest and most light-hearted of the Greek Princes, is wedding Princess Alice of Battenberg.

*The Royal Bride of the Moment.* The marriage of Princess Alice to Prince Andrew forms the reason and excuse for one of the largest Royal gatherings ever held at Darmstadt, although the capital of the Hessian Duchy has been the scene of many notable

matrimonial functions. Emperors and Empresses, Kings and Queens, have hastened to do honour to the young people. The bride-elect is said to be serious beyond her years, and though her personality is but little known to that section of the British public which delights in hearing and reading about Royalty, she is, according to those who should know, the King's favourite



PRINCESS ALICE OF BATTENBERG, THE BRIDE-ELECT OF PRINCE ANDREW OF GREECE.

*Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.*

great-niece, partly, doubtless, because she is the namesake and grandchild of his favourite sister. The late Queen was also very fond of Princess Alice of Battenberg, who, indeed, was actually born at Windsor. At one time, Princess Louis and her children spent some months at Frogmore House, and many of the Royal bride's early associations are bound up with the Royal Borough. Her last stay there was made in the company of her fiancé during Ascot week, when they were both the guests of the King and Queen.

### To-morrow's Brilliant Marriage.

To-morrow (the 8th) will take place a very interesting and important marriage, that of Mr. Rupert Guinness, one of the most eligible of elder sons and future millionaires, to Lady Gwendolen Onslow, the young daughter of the popular political Earl who is owner of one of the most charming estates within easy distance of London—Clandon Park. The wedding will be quite an old-fashioned one, and the bride will be followed to the altar by a bevy of singularly pretty girls and children, including Lady Burghclere's three little daughters, Miss Marjory Guinness, and Miss Fuller-Maitland. Lord Iveagh is the beau-ideal of the modern millionaire; while lavishly generous when any good work is under consideration, he can yet sympathise to a certain extent with the pomps and vanities of this world, and he and Lady Iveagh have presented their daughter-in-law elect with some very beautiful diamonds.



THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE.

*Photographs by C. Boehringer, Athens.*

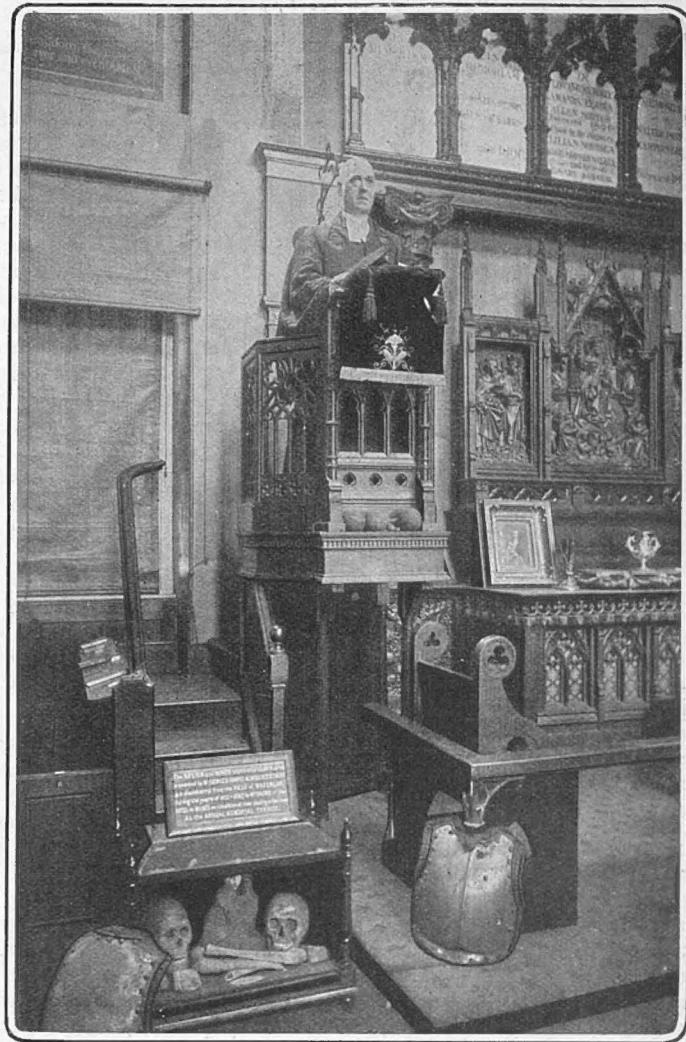
*The King and the Spectacles.* King Victor Emmanuel tells a good story of his father and mother. Queen Margherita is a capital musician, whereas King Humbert, unlike most Italians, had not the slightest idea of a tune. One evening, Queen Margherita, finding her eyesight going, put on a pair of spectacles to read with. The King was horrified and told her to take off the spectacles. This the Queen refused to do, as she could not see so well without them, and at last King Humbert said, "Margherita, if you do not take off those spectacles I shall begin to sing." The threat was quite enough. The Queen had such a horror of her husband's false notes that she at once took them off, and never put them on again when the King was in the room.

*Crossland.* The Lancashire fast bowler who has just died will be remembered on account of the controversy which went on for so long about the fairness of his action. Some umpires frequently no-balled him, because they held that his delivery was really a throw. He began to play in 1879, and in 1882 had the wonderful average of under ten runs per wicket. In 1883 and 1884 his average was just over twelve runs per wicket, but in the following year Kent declined to play the return match with Lancashire on account of his manner of bowling. He did not play in first-class cricket after that season, as the M.C.C. decided that he had broken his county qualification by living in Nottingham during the winter.

*On the Riviera.* Royalties are already beginning to go to the Riviera for the winter. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin will very shortly take up her abode at Cannes in her magnificent Villa Wenden, and will be accompanied by her daughter, the Duchess Cecile, who is engaged to the Czarevitch, the Grand Duke Michael. A few days later, her father, the Grand Duke Michael Nicholaevitch, will go to Cannes to pass the winter with his daughter, as the doctors have advised him to spend all the cold weather on the Riviera. At the end of this month, Prince Nicholas of Nassau, the father of the Countess Torby, will occupy the Villa Girard at Nice for the winter, with his wife, the Countess of Merenberg, and his daughter, the Countess Ada of Merenberg.

*Two Pretty Sisters.* Of the many pretty sisters who form quite a feature of modern Society there are few more popular than the two daughters of Mr. Henry Chaplin. Lady Castlereagh and Miss Chaplin had the misfortune of losing their mother in infancy; she was the favourite sister of the Duke of Sutherland, and he and his beautiful Duchess have been unwearied in their affectionate kindness to Mr. Henry Chaplin's motherless daughters. The sisters' childhood and girlhood were spent in a great measure at Danrobin, at Trentham, and at Stafford House, which last hospitable mansion has also been for many years past the London headquarters of their father. Lady Castlereagh and her sister were privileged, as débütantes, not only to see the great social world, but also the great political world, at very close quarters, for Mr. Henry Chaplin is, taking one thing with another, perhaps the most solidly popular member of his own large Party. The marriage of the younger of the Misses Chaplin made scarcely any difference in their lives, for Miss Chaplin is constantly with Lord and Lady Castlereagh. The sisters have much the same tastes.

*The late Dr. Ker Gray.* The sudden death of the Rev. Edward Ker Gray, the well-known Incumbent of St. George's Chapel, Albemarle Street, removed a notable figure in London life. Dr. Gray, who, through his mother, was related to the ducal house of Roxburghe, received his education at King's College,



THE LATE DR. KER GRAY IN THE PULPIT AT ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, ALBEMARLE STREET.

of which he was an Associate, and at Trinity, Cambridge. As curate of St. Peter's, Bayswater, first Vicar of St. Michael's, Kensington, Incumbent of Curzon Chapel, and for some fifteen years at St. George's, he had made his influence felt in the West-End. It had been his custom for some years in the holiday season to take the Rev. C. M. Black's place at Christ Church, Morningside, Edinburgh, and in that gentleman's house he died on Saturday evening, the 26th ult. On the Wednesday of the same week Dr. Gray came to London to celebrate a wedding at his own church, returning to Edinburgh on the Friday, and, though he complained of feeling tired, he was able to fulfil some social engagements in the evening of that day. On the Saturday he retired early to rest, and, soon after, heart-failure ensued and he passed quietly away in his sleep.

*Sir Michael Herbert.* Sir Michael Henry Herbert, the British Ambassador at Washington, whose death at

Davos Platz was announced last week, was, like the rest of his family, not only a man of the highest ability, but also of the greatest personal charm. He was quite young for the position he held, having been born in 1857. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1877, his first post being at Paris, and he was also at Washington, Constantinople, and Rome.

He acted as Chargé d'Affaires at Washington and Constantinople during the absence of his chief, and rather more than two years ago was appointed to attend the Arbitration Tribunal on the Venezuelan Boundary Question. When Lord Pauncefote died, last year, he was made Ambassador at Washington, where he was very popular. Sir Michael was the last surviving brother of the present Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.



MISS CHAPLIN AND LADY CASTLEREAGH.

Photograph by Fall, Baker Street, W.

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*Bulgaria's Mouth-piece.*

M. Angeloff, a Bulgarian merchant of Manchester, has been appointed by the Bulgarian Government to be their Agent in this country, and there is no doubt that his credentials will shortly be recognised at the Court of St. James's. It certainly seems a pity that this appointment was not made earlier, as, in view of the terrible events in Macedonia, it would have been most useful for the British Government to have had some authorised channel through which they could have been made acquainted with the views of the Bulgarian Government. However, the wheels of diplomacy grind slowly, and in this case there is no doubt the right man has been chosen.

M. Angeloff has made hosts of friends in Manchester, where he has lived for some time, and the merchants and Members of Parliament of Cottonopolis were not backward in making representations in Sofia that M. Angeloff should be appointed.

M. ANGELOFF, DIPLOMATIC AGENT FOR BULGARIA.

Photograph by Jancowski.

the great fire at Cape Town in the beginning of last month. Though they do conflagrations and floods on a much larger scale in the "U.S.A.," Great Britain and her Colonies now and then achieve something fairly respectable of the sort. On this particular occasion the premises occupied by two importing firms were destroyed, the damage being estimated at about a hundred thousand pounds.

*Socialism in Germany.*

The Social Democrats—the "Three Million Party"—are furnishing Germany with an edifying picture of their "future State" (writes our Berlin Correspondent). After an unparalleled victory at the polls, they assembled at Dresden for their annual Congress, and there, instead of constructing a durable basis for their Parliamentary policy, they indulged in furious quarrels of a personal nature. For a full week the leaders hurled upon one another charges and epithets of an infamous character. Finally, they agreed upon a common resolution defining the antagonistic attitude to be maintained by the Party towards the existing social order, and separated, convinced, apparently, that they had brought peace unto the Party.

But no sooner had the Deputies reached their native cities than the controversy broke out afresh in the Social Democratic newspapers. Von Vollmar, the aristocratic leader of Bavarian democracy, accused the intransigents, Bebel, Kautsky, and Singer, of having attempted a Party *coup d'état*. The triumvirate replied in a fulminant article dubbing von Vollmar a liar. Confusion has been rendered worse confounded by the denunciations of Herr Hurden, the modern German Junius, who has revenged himself on Bebel for the vicious personal attacks of that demagogue by impeaching the political honour of a large number of the Social Democratic leaders.

What will be the outcome of all these polemics it is impossible to say. As a practical illustration of the intrigues that would prevail the moment the Kingdom, or rather, the Republic of Social Democracy should be established on earth, they have proved invaluable to millions of thinking Germans. Meanwhile, it looks as though Bebel the "revolutionist" has for the moment suppressed the "evolutionists" of the Party, and that the policy of a "demonstrative waiting" until the time shall have arrived for the Party to "occupy the streets" will be continued.

*The Wagner Monument.*

The establishment of the great Wagner monument in Berlin has been accomplished, at length, amid a din of discordant critical voices.



It is a magnificent monument, and, as such, a welcome addition to the decorations of Berlin. What the Wagner disciples objected to was the character of the musical festivities arranged by the President of the Committee, Herr L. Leichner. They maintained that it was in direct opposition to the true Wagnerian spirit. Accordingly, the widow and son of the great tone-poet refused to participate in the celebrations, and their example was followed by the Wagner Societies of Berlin and Potsdam and by a host of musicians, including such men as Joachim and Nikisch. Herr Leichner has devoted huge sums of money and indefatigable energy to the proper organisation of the festivities. But Germans cannot forgive him for being a large manufacturer of rouge and facial paints and preparations justly celebrated behind the curtains. Fortunately, the Court patronised his undertaking. It was represented at the festivities in the persons of Prince Eitel Fritz, the third son of the Emperor, and Prince Friedrich Heinrich of Prussia. Herr Leichner will therefore feel that he can afford to smile at the personal attacks upon himself of the Press and upon his organisation by the musicians.

*The "Independent Review."* An interesting event of the publishing season is the appearance of a new half-crown magazine, published by T. Fisher Unwin and called the *Independent Review*. It comes at an opportune moment for the Liberal Party, since, under a perhaps hardly veiled guise of impartiality, the first number contains an ably written plea for a programme—for the Liberals. The plea may be ascribed to the editor, Mr. Edward Jenks, learned author of some valuable works on history and law. The impartiality is nicely displayed by the fact that a reverent article on the Creeds, by Dr. Sanday, is followed by an attack on "Ecclesiasticism," by Mr. C. Lowes Dickinson. An instalment of a new novel by Hilaire Belloc appears, articles by Bryce and Augustine Birrell are given, and a paper by Mommsen is published, called "A German's Appeal to the English," whilst, of course, the Fiscal Policy is dealt with. The magazine is very well printed on agreeable paper, and so excellently bound that one may truly assert that it will lie open at any place quite comfortably.



THE GREAT FIRE AT CAPE TOWN (FRIDAY, SEPT. 4): A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH  
Taken by E. Peters.

## SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

## PARIS.

The theatrical season opened this week with the performance at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt of M. Jean Aicard's play, "La Légende du Cœur." The play is founded on a story of the Middle Ages, immortalised in about thirty lines by Boccaccio, and I can only regret that M. Aicard did not follow Boccaccio's example, instead of spinning out the legend into four Acts of very dreary verse. The play, oddly enough, was an immense success when it was given down at Orange in the old Roman amphitheatre during the summer, but here in Paris it was received with stony silence, the only enthusiasm being roused by the magnificent performance of Madame Moreno, who has left the Comédie-Française to play the part of Cabestane the Troubadour in "La Légende du Cœur."

Moreno's diction is superb, and critics who saw Aicard's play in Orange, with Sarah Bernhardt in the part, declare that Madame Moreno was far finer. I can quite believe it. The "Golden-voiced One's" voice has of late years become a trifle brassy, while Moreno's is like a chime of silver bells, with deep, grave notes and lighter sweet ones, and a sinuous gamut of fine melody which lends to M. Aicard's verses more interest and charm than they themselves possess. By her performance as the Troubadour Madame Moreno takes her place in the front rank of great French tragédiennes, with Rachel, Sarah Bernhardt, and Bartet, and it seems curious that the Français should let her go just at the moment of her first remarkable success.

Just as, in former days, homes of great Englishmen were furnished on French lines, so, in this twentieth century, Parisians are becoming more and more English in their tastes and in their homes. The stiff rigidity of Henri II. furnishing and tawdry stiffness of the Empire gilt and ormolu is disappearing rapidly from Paris drawing-rooms, and several English houses have established branches here and have as much work as they can manage. By the kindness of the artist, Mr. Wolf, a young Liverpool designer who is fast making a great name in Paris, I have been permitted to inspect some of the designs for a frieze which Prince Bariatinsky, the well-known sportsman, has ordered for his nursery from Maple's. The Prince's house is being furnished almost entirely upon English lines, for this Parisian, who has travelled, says and believes that English homes are built for comfort, not for show, while French ones have too long been for show merely. The comfort of the British smoking-rooms and drawing-rooms have come as a revelation to people here in France, and before long the French firms will, no doubt, be imitating English methods. The friezes, which represent English nursery-rhymes in picture, point also to the Anglo-education which the travelled Frenchman gives his children nowadays. It is becoming rare for children of good families not to speak English here in Paris.

Great things are expected of the Paris Autumn Salon, which is to open on Oct. 25 in the Grand Palais in the Champs-Élysées. It is to be an international collection, painters from all countries being expected to contribute more largely than to the Spring Salons, and I am told that English art will be well represented. As a matter of fact, the Spring Salons have fallen off considerably of late, and those of this year were the worst for some time past. They will have to look to their laurels, for, so far, the arrangements for the Salon d'Automne have been proceeded with without a quarrel, and an exhibition of the kind, in which the Committee of well-known artists is not divided against itself, should certainly turn out a great success.

ROME. All the shop-windows of stationers, photographers, and vendors of varied assortments of ornaments are now full of photographs of Pope Pius X. Of poor Leo XIII, not a single trace is there to be seen anywhere. His own town has forgotten him now that he has ceased to be to it indirectly a source of income. The photographs of his successor are not exactly strikingly beautiful, but, then, however beautiful his character, the physiognomy and form of Pius X. cannot be called, even by his most devoted admirers, anything but honest and homely.

Some enlarged photographs which arrested my attention bring into prominence his humbleness of origin. A more striking example of a true peasant countenance I have rarely seen. Stolidity, perseverance, and bluntness plainly stamp every feature. What a contrast to the sharpness, refinement, and shrewdness so clearly delineated in every trait of the late Pope Leo. The contrast in outward physiognomy is equally strong in character, for in nearly every possible way the new Pope differs from his predecessor. Only this week an instance was given of this. Some Cistercian



MDLE. PILAR MORIN IN "O MATS' SAN," AT THE TIVOLI.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

monks who had been invited to the Vatican were ushered into the private room of His Holiness; according to the custom observed most rigidly in the time of Pope Leo, they sank immediately on their knees. Pope Pius begged them to rise and take a seat near to himself. Stupefied and puzzled, and believing they had not rightly understood his words, the monks remained standing at a respectful distance. Finally, the Pope said to them, "Well! Do you perhaps expect me to bring you up chairs myself to sit upon?" Then the monks hastily did as they were bid and sat down near the Pope.

But fancy the late Pope Leo XIII, ever asking anyone, except, perhaps, a King or an Emperor, to sit in his presence, and not only in his presence, but close to himself! Such a thing would have been heinous even to think of. The present Pope is undoubtedly in every way a most genial, kindly, and really good man; whether he prove to be in addition thereto a diplomat remains to be seen.

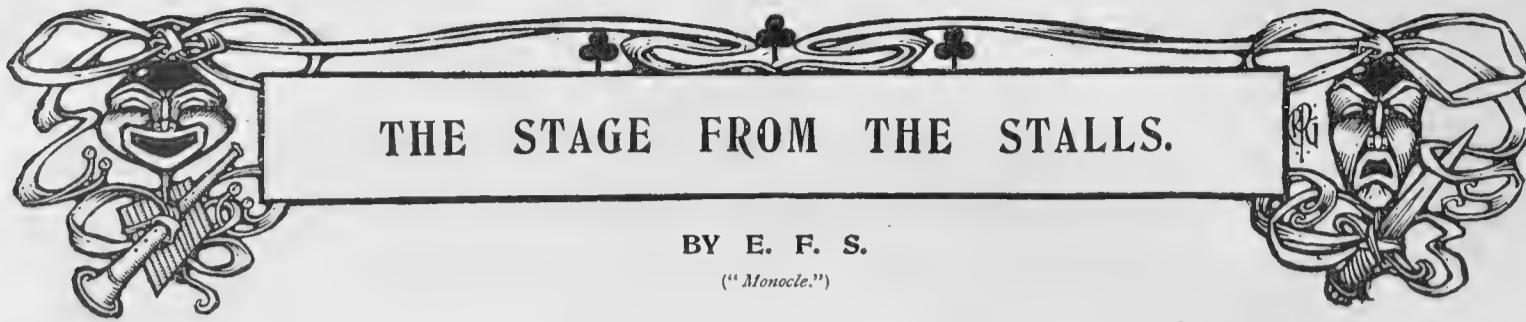
## ROUND THE TOWN: TWO LIGHT SHOWS FOR LANGUID LONDONERS.



A PRETTY SCENE FROM "VINELAND," THE NEW EMPIRE BALLET: Mlle ZANFRETTA AS BACCHUS.  
*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*



Mr. Arthur Williams. Miss Marie Dainton. Mr. Picton Roxborough. Miss Lily Elsie. Mr. Farren Soutar.  
 A POPULAR QUINTETTE IN "THE CHINESE HONEYMOON" (ESTABLISHED 1901), AT THE STRAND THEATRE.  
*Photograph by Lizzie Caswall Smith.*



MR. CALMOUR'S "DANTE"—"IN DAHOMEY"—"DOLLY VARDEN"—"LA CITTÀ MORTA."

IT may be suggested that when a man has written a drama concerning some historical personage, he should alter the names and the scene of action and submit his work to some well-educated person, and if that person does not charge him correctly with having written a play about so-and-so, the author should abstain from using the name of his personage, because obviously he will have failed to portray or even suggest him. Had such a procedure been adopted in the case of Mr. Calmour's "Dante," it would have been called by some other name. Critics have said in praise of it that it is better than the Sardou Drury Lane piece, and this I admit; but the compliment necessarily involved is so slight as to remind me of the lady who, when forced to try to say something amiable about a disagreeable person, could find nothing better than the assertion "that he rang the front-door bell very nicely." From an interview, it appears that Mr. Calmour has said, *very seriously*, "I have endeavoured to treat the characters in a spirit of reverence, and, I hope, in such a way that, if their spirits were abroad, they might not disapprove of their reincarnation in the flesh"—I hardly know in what other than flesh they could be reincarnated. Let us hope that their spirits are "abroad," for I think that, if Dante's soul were to visit Notting Hill Gate—which possibly he would mistake for some portion of one of the regions celebrated by him—he would amplify the suggestion already made as to the treatment of the authors of the Drury Lane version, and compel, by way of torture, Mr. Calmour and M. Sardou to spend their time in the establishment in question each in reading the other's play for all eternity. Beatrice, too, or her spirit, would, I fancy, have grumbled a little—not, indeed, because, without historical grounds, she is presented as loving Dante, but because, according to the play, she was in such a desperate hurry to marry Bardi after the news of Dante's death that she did not allow time for her poor father to buy a new suit of clothes or get his gloves cleaned before the wedding. The point—not about the clothes, but about the time—is important.

Beatrice was engaged to marry Dante, who trotted off, as leader of the Florentines, to fight a battle at no great distance. He was triumphant; but a false rumour was brought of his death on the field of battle, and, before the truth concerning such an immensely important matter could travel a little distance to Florence, Beatrice had set up a monument to Dante's memory and got married to Bardi, though obviously no one was in a position to make her contract this marriage in haste. I am unwilling to dwell upon such an obvious flaw, yet it is difficult to ignore and would be easy to amend it; indeed, it would be very agreeable to write enthusiastically about the play, for the author undoubtedly has striven earnestly to write an ambitious drama, and I believe that in good faith he thinks that his work is a kind of homage to the great poet. "G. B. S." in his latest piece, "Superman," justly draws attention to the fact that playwrights and novelists have an unfair custom of alleging that their hero is a poet, or a philosopher, or great man in some other way, but abstaining from giving any evidence of the truth of this assertion. Balzac, we know, when presenting Lucien de Rubempré as poet and dramatic critic, gave a sample of his criticism which he wrote himself, and specimens of his poetry in the shape of some verses written by contemporary poets. "G. B. S." prints in an appendix a long work by his philosopher-politician hero. Mr. Calmour, alas, gives no evidence that Dante was poet or statesman. He may suggest that his works prove this to us, but, unfortunately, few of us can understand Duse—without help of a crib—and not one per cent. of the inhabitants of these islands understands an Italian earlier in date than the writings of Dante. It is true that the hero of the play talks in blank-verse; but this seems to have been a bad habit of the times, for all the characters talk in blank-verse quite as well, or ill, as he.

The fallacy of the phrase about driving fat oxen is uncontradictable, but one may say that he who attempts to depict great men should himself have some flavour of greatness, otherwise there is no pardon for his inevitable failure. One cannot detect in Mr. Calmour's work the excusing element of any measure of greatness. Taken apart from the flaw I have referred to and the name of Dante, the piece is a respectable kind of tragedy hampered by verse, passable, no doubt, but not good enough to avoid being an impediment. Turned into prose and brilliantly acted, it would deserve and might win a fair measure of success in London. The acting of Mr. Cooper Cliffe had many negative qualities, but he does not possess the rare force needed to give life to so lifeless a part; it would be unjust not to observe that

he avoided the obvious temptation to rant or to usurp the stage. Miss Lilian Eldée, the Beatrice, who has sung charmingly in public, does not use her speaking voice skilfully and suffered from lack of technical skill, yet she had some pleasing moments.

The fate of "In Dahomey" seemed very doubtful on the first-night, but the piece, or rather, entertainment, is quite a remarkable success. The work has been amended by using what was the last Act as an introduction, a successful experiment without parallel, I imagine. It is disappointing in that there is very little which can be regarded as typical of exotic work. If a few phrases were altered, and the piece presented by white performers, it would merely seem remarkable for the badness of the book. With but two exceptions—Messrs. Walker and Williams—the players exhibit a curiously small amount of talent for acting. These two, however, are remarkably clever eccentric comedians, and, well handled, might make or save the fortune of almost any play. They are vastly funny at times, yet, for want of control, apt to spoil their best scenes by over-elaboration. The chorus is exceedingly strong in voice and contains many brilliant performers in the humbler paths of dancing. Their eagerness—fervour, one might call it—coupled with the almost frantic swing of some of the heavy music, produces a curiously exciting effect. I do not crave to see another work of the kind, but am glad to have visited this twice, and certainly even on a second attendance found plenty of matter for laughter in the two chief players, whilst the dancing, and in particular the "cake walk" competition at the end of the piece, is exceedingly interesting; we have had nothing so good of its kind before on so large a scale.

Those who are anxious to see a new reign of comic opera will hardly be enthusiastic concerning "Dolly Varden," which is not unlikely to suggest to the latest crop of playgoers that comic opera was dull stuff and that musical comedy came as a natural reaction against it. "Dolly Varden" undoubtedly in the modern English use of the word is "comic opera": it has a plot that is persistently pursued, the characters never get out of the picture, there are no topical allusions or patter-songs, the music is all by one composer, and the characters presumably speak nothing but the author's lines. Unfortunately, the plot, despite its alleged debt to Wycherley's play, is rather clumsy and poorly handled, the dialogue is dull, and it is easy to get tired of Mr Julian Edwards's music and crave for the illicit interpolated number long before the evening is over. For the good qualities of the piece are chiefly negative, and man cannot live on negatives alone. It is very sad to be unable to praise such a sincere effort, but the truth must out, and pretty dresses, handsome girls, and one good tune do not quite atone for the lack of wit and humour sadly obvious in the book; whilst Mr. Edwards's music has less life and tunefulness, as well as smaller degree of technical excellency, than we are accustomed to even in musical comedy. Putting aside that of Miss Mabelle Gilman, the performance was very much like the piece. She has already delighted Londoners by the vivacity of her acting and her capital singing, and she now returns with some increase of skill and a more richly developed voice, and is quite delightful.

Those who have been attacking the Censor for his prohibition of "La Città Morta" can hardly have read the piece. No doubt, there are many of us who hold the opinion that the presumption is well founded that any extraordinary decision of Mr. Redford's must be wrong, and it is the more agreeable, then, to find him acting rightly. D'Annunzio's play is clearly a work of genius, but of a genius which rather asserts something more than its rights than acts upon its obligations. Under the term "Problem Play," when rightly used, it may be excusable to touch upon very delicate or even indelicate subjects; but in "La Città Morta" there is no problem, no question is raised as to which any civilised person has a grain of doubt, no situation handled that is essentially dramatic or has any relation to the life of decent, civilised people: one simply has a beastly subject brilliantly handled. There are people who pretend that art can dignify any subject. There are obscene gems in the British Museum of astounding skill in execution, there exist grossly indecent pictures quite masterpieces of painting, and literary works have been written in exquisite style that are properly within the jurisdiction of the Police Courts. The art employed upon them does not dignify the subject: the subject degrades the art and is evidence of the horrible truth, suggested by the idea of the jewel in the toad's head, that it is often agreeable to the wild humour of Nature to put in union genius and vileness.



MISS EVELYN BOND, PLAYING IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

*Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann, Devonshire Street, W.*

## MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

THE past week has made up for the dulness of London's Silly Season. In all the years wherein I have read a morning paper, I do not remember seeing Europe, Africa, Asia, and America so disturbed. If the Far East is not as clamorous as it was, if the United States' troubles are chiefly financial and may be righted, the unrest of the Near East and North Africa is far more serious, and I am pessimist enough to feel no surprise when Consols shrink and things look black all round. Throughout Europe for some months past rulers and their Ministers for Foreign Affairs have been hurrying from place to place, covering their anxiety with "lavish decorations" in the streets, the "hearty plaudits of spectators," splendid luncheon-parties, and friendly speeches. But the unrest remains, and Europe seems to be upon the threshold of changes that will make our maps obsolete.

Mr. Balfour's address to the nation through the Archbishop of Canterbury spared us the anxiety of waiting for a speech to know that Great Britain is no longer committed to the maintenance of the Balkan *status quo*. Whether this is deliberate policy or has resulted from the success of Continental diplomacy in elbowing Great Britain from its old position in Europe's councils remains to be seen. The best-informed papers suggest, by what they leave unsaid, that the partition of the Turkish Empire will be accomplished by Russia, Austria, and Germany, the first getting to Constantinople, the second moving eastward to a point fixed by Russia, while Germany will be content with part of the territory that the Kaiser explored when he went on his famous Cook Tour in 1898. So far as the Mediterranean is concerned, at its eastern end Great Britain will be content with her actual possession of Malta and the Suez Canal and her position in Egypt. At the same time, Malta is disaffected, and, if Russia is to transfer her Black Sea Fleet to the Mediterranean, we shall want a bigger fleet there to balance matters.

Is the *Daily Mail* to be believed when it says this country has agreed to a French Protectorate over Morocco? I hope not. No Foreign Secretary who realises the position in the Western Mediterranean could possibly be a party to giving France a Protectorate extending to any point on this side of the Atlas Mountains. With France in force at the western end of the Mediterranean, Russia in

force at the eastern end, and a Franco-Russian Alliance in full working order, Great Britain must cease to be a force in the Mediterranean and our route to India is endangered. It is very unfortunate that these developments should occur when Parliament has risen.

A lady named Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, hailing from America, and wife of a railway magnate of the U.S.A., has been saying strange things to an interviewer, unless the interviewer has permitted himself the luxury of setting down the things that are not. "I would not like to be the President or the President's wife," said Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, who obviously runs no risk of either metamorphosis. The President's wife seems to have fallen from grace because her dress-allowance is no more than sixty pounds a-year; the President is of no account because he admitted a coloured man to his table. Of the engagement between Miss Gooley and the Duke of Roxburghe, Mrs. Fish is reported to have remarked, "The Duke is not so bad as some foreigners who have married American girls, for he has some money. . . . But that is not much for people in his station. I think it very foolish." I don't know quite what is foolish here, but I could give a guess. "We are coming more and more to have an aristocracy and a common people," said Mrs. Fish, but did not tell the interviewer the class that has the privilege of including her.

I note that the Trans-Siberian Railway is in sufficiently good working-order to be entrusted with the mails, and the postal service was inaugurated last week. If the Russian developments have not given unmixed pleasure to British politicians, people who have friends and relatives in the Celestial Empire or Japan will be rather grateful to Russia. From London to Pekin takes six weeks by sea and three by land; there will be a gain of a fortnight in getting to Tokio. At the same time, I am told by one of the few Englishmen who have travelled on the new line that it is very far from being completed and much of the permanent way is in a bad state. Moreover, many years must pass before the undertaking can pay. I asked my informant if he thought the line would be valuable for mobilisation, and he said that breakdowns would probably result from undue pressure at any point. At present, the very limited service is quite as much as the officials can cope with.



"SIX A.M., JUST BEFORE HE AWOKE."

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## THE GREAT WORLD'S FAIR AT ST. LOUIS, 1904.

NEXT year, there will open at St. Louis, U.S.A., one of the greatest Expositions of modern times. St. Louis is a place that does things in a very large way, and you can count on the World's Fair it is getting up being very big, if nothing else. It will cover more space in buildings and grounds than the Paris and Chicago World's Fairs combined; it will have more wonderful exhibits, cost more money, accommodate more people, and—at least, so St. Louis citizens will tell you—"eclipse all other Expositions that ever happened."

As a rule, World's Fairs spring into being without any special reason being assigned for their existence. The St. Louis one, however, is created to commemorate the purchase of the State of Louisiana from the French by the United States a good many years ago—just how many will not be stated here, because it is not material and the writer doesn't know; dates are such bothersome things.

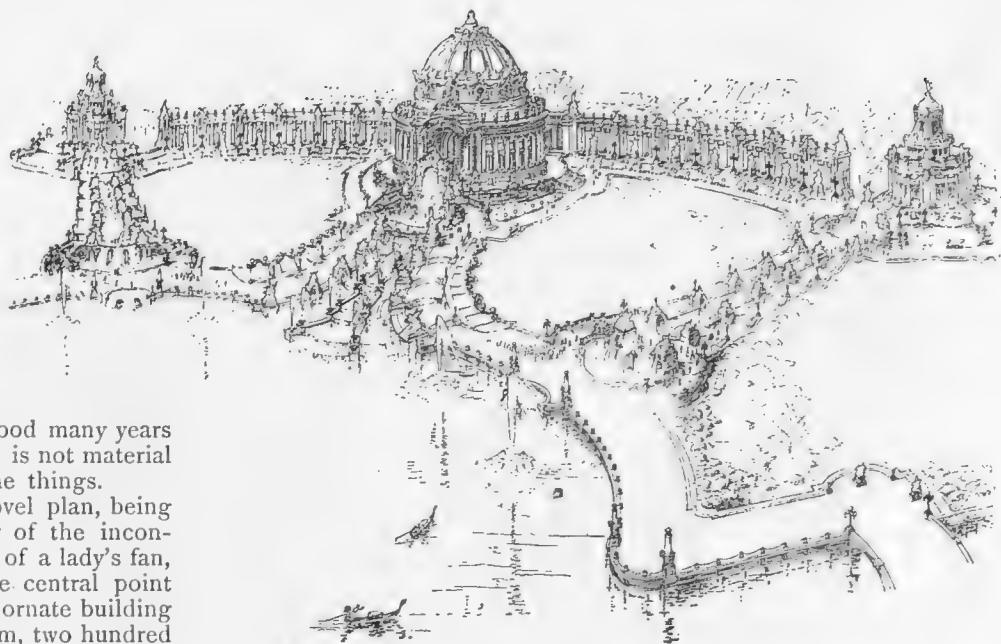
The St. Louis Exposition is laid out on a very novel plan, being neither rectangular, oblong, circular, rhombic, nor any of the inconvenient shapes of former Fairs. Its form will be that of a lady's fan, spread out. At the handle of the fan, so to speak—the central point whence everything else diverges—will be a splendidly ornate building termed the Festival Hall. This will be circular in form, two hundred feet in diameter, and crowned with a dome which will be even larger than St. Paul's.

From Festival Hall—allotted mostly to music—the avenues of a veritable City of Knowledge will extend. Along these avenues will be placed buildings in which will be exhibited not only the varied industries of the United States, but also products and treasures sent from all parts of the world. His Majesty King Edward is sending the famous Jubilee Jewels, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is President of the British Royal Commission which will represent England.

One of the notable features of the Exhibition will be an artificial cascade, which begins just behind the Festival Hall. A subterranean river has been brought into the Exhibition grounds and conducted to the top of a sloping hill, whence it will pour down in a series of cascades from elaborately decorated fountains. There will be three avenues of cascades, giving the effect of a miniature Niagara. The river, after forming the fountains and water-falls, precipitates itself into a lake, on the surface of which will ply genuine Venetian gondolas and other craft representing types of navigation of various countries.

The area of the grounds at St. Louis will be 1240 acres, as compared with 336 acres at Paris and 633 at Chicago. The buildings will occupy twice as much space as did those at both Paris and Chicago. While at Chicago and Paris most of the structures were of wood covered with plaster, many of the St. Louis buildings will be of granite. The art structures will be permanent and will cost more than two hundred thousand pounds. The principal buildings will be devoted to the following subjects: Manufactures, covering fourteen acres; Liberal Arts, nine acres; Varied Industries, fourteen acres; Education, nine acres; Mines and Metallurgy, nine acres; Machinery, twelve acres; Transportation, fifteen acres; Art Palace, in centre, four acres; Agriculture, eighteen acres; Horticulture, seven acres; Electricity, nine acres; Fish, Game, and Forestry, four acres.

Marvellous things will be accomplished in the electrical exhibit, and already machinery developing 38,000 horse-power has been installed. All the wonders of the modern electrical world will be exhibited, from self-operating telephones and wireless telegraphy to portrait-making by telegraph.



THE CASCADE, WITH FESTIVAL HALL IN CENTRE.

Of unique features there will be an abundance. For instance, a clock built entirely of flowers will be made to tell the time. The face of the clock will be a hundred feet in diameter, and even the hands, fifty feet long, will consist of flowers. Various flowers have already been planted on the face, so arranged that they will open at different times, indicated by the proper hours; thus, "Morning Glories" at dawn, and at night wonderful lilies from the Amazon which open only after dark.

One part of the grounds is given up to mining operations. In a ravine twelve acres in extent will be exhibited a typical mine such as was seen in California when gold was discovered in 1849. All forms of gold-mining will be shown in the most realistic way, a constant supply of "pay dirt" being shipped to the Exposition from California.

A singular feature of the Fair will be the Physical Culture Building. Here you will be able to see muscle-development in all its forms. Many of the handsomest and lithest women in America are to give free training-lessons. This promises to be a most attractive feature.

Upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds has been spent in building within the Fair grounds an exact model of Jerusalem and the surrounding country. Travellers say that a trip to St. Louis during the Fair will be as good as a journey to Palestine.

Visitors to the Fair will be transported about the grounds by miniature railways, no less than thirty trains being in operation. Tiny locomotives will draw these trains.

To assure all buildings being ready by April 30, night and day gangs are at work. All the latest "hustling" methods known to America are in operation. To afford an idea of this, it might be mentioned that the building of one thousand and fifty feet of the framework of the Palace of Agriculture occupied only nineteen days. There is little fear, therefore, that any of the structures will be incomplete on the opening day.

English manufacturers have shown keen interest in the big show by taking up all the floor-space they can get, and already England is well represented.

W. B. NORTHROP.



THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, SPECIALLY BUILT FOR THE GREAT WORLD'S FAIR.

## THE WORLD'S FAIR AT ST. LOUIS, 1904:

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS.



LOOKING OUT THROUGH THE BEAUTIFUL COLONNADE OF THE VARIED INDUSTRIES PALACE ON THE SOUTH SIDE.



LOOKING EAST ALONG THE MAIN TRANSVERSE AVENUE, FROM THE ROOF OF THE VARIED INDUSTRIES PALACE.

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## THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.

## THE ROMANCE OF A LONDON THEATRE.\*

"NO ATTEMPT," plead the brothers Maude in their modest preface, "has been made to write a serious history, and we have only tried to deal with those periods of the theatre's life that are, in our opinion, interesting and entertaining." The volume, without a doubt, is full of interesting matter and entertaining stories, but the scheme of the book is so sound that it would be hardly possible, in my opinion, to compile a better history of the famous playhouse. The eighteen capitally reproduced illustrations, moreover, lend a very special value to this delightful volume.

The Little Theatre in the Haymarket, we are told in the first chapter, was built by a carpenter named Potter, and the total amount spent by that gentleman on its construction was but £1500. This house, the predecessor of the present theatre, was opened in 1720, the days of brawling footmen and gorgeous bucks. Mr. Cyril Maude has managed to draw a very vivid picture of the "gruff-voiced, obtrusive braggarts, coarse and loud of mouth, dressed in velvet and silken hose, and lolling over the boxes with their hats on, playing over their airs, taking snuff, and laughing aloud, or holding dialogues with their brethren from one side of the house to another."

So we pass on to 1733, when Theophilus Cibber revolted from Drury Lane and appeared on the boards of the Haymarket. The actual history of the theatre may be said to have begun from this date. Cibber was followed by Foote, a man of wonderful wit, and the greatest mimic, probably, that has ever lived. Mr. Maude has countless stories to tell of Samuel Foote. For example: "On one occasion, upon a man meeting him after the funeral of his old friend, Charles Holland, whose father was a baker, he said, 'Yes, I've just seen poor Holland shoved into the family oven.' On another, he invited Sheridan to his theatre, put him in the most prominent place possible, and then, to the great dramatist's intense annoyance, proceeded to caricature him broadly upon the stage, to the delight of the audience, who, of course, recognised both the original and the caricature."

After Foote came George Colman the elder, who was the first manager of the Haymarket to form a Stock Company. Then the younger Colman became manager on his father's behalf, and afterwards proprietor and manager on his own account. In 1820 the Haymarket Theatre was rebuilt, "a reconstruction," says Mr. Maude, "that to all intents and purposes turned it into the handsome structure, externally, over which I have the honour to preside together with my partner to-day."

Of the other famous names connected with the Haymarket and its management, one may mention Elliston, Kemble, Buckstone, the

Bancrofts, Tree, and the author of the volume under review. It is impossible, in this place, to follow Mr. Maude through his wealth of anecdotes and historical references, deeply interesting as they are to anyone who takes an interest in things theatrical. I will pass on, therefore, to a period in the history of the popular theatre that every playgoer of to-day will remember with pleasure. I refer, of course, to the management of Mr. Tree. "If I were asked," Mr. Maude generously confesses, "to pick out an adjective from the dictionaries to describe Mr. Tree's management of the Haymarket Theatre—nay, indeed, for his whole career—I should hesitate between 'brilliant' and 'plucky,' and should end by choosing both of them. The brilliance no playgoer could deny; the pluck a brother manager can best appreciate." In these days of petty jealousies and trivial squabbles, it is indeed refreshing to find an actor ready to speak with such sincere admiration of a brother in art.

But Mr. Maude, as everyone must recognise who has ever studied the nature of the man at all, has no place in his disposition for meannesses. Throughout his book the reader will notice the many kindly references he makes to those with whom he has worked and is now working. Of Mr. Frederick Harrison, for instance, he speaks thus: "The days and the hours that immediately preceded our first-nights were some of the very worst that I have ever spent. . . . Had it not been for my association with one to whose sound advice and perfectly even temperament I would pay special tribute here, I sometimes doubt whether that curtain would have risen on anything but my corpse. But my partner's calm reliance and unfailing belief in our success pulled me through, though my gratitude to him in those trying days was no greater than it is in these pleasanter hours. I have been accused of being lucky, and there is some truth in the accusation, but in no instance have I been luckier than in

my association with a partner from whom I hope never to be separated." Again, nothing could be more exquisitely simple and, at the same time, sweet-natured than the reference to Mrs. Cyril Maude (Miss Winifred Emery) that I quoted last week in my Notes.

Let me conclude this brief review of a really fascinating book with an announcement that will prove startling to many a playgoer. The Haymarket is haunted! Mr. Maude himself is the authority for my statement. "A real ghost," he declares, "has been supposed to have haunted the theatre for many years. Personally, I have never seen it"—just as though any ghost would dare to intrude upon the privacy of so cheery a comedian!—"but two firemen of whom I know declare positively that they have seen a face staring through a window. Our valued business-manager, Mr. Horace Watson, is also inclined to believe in the existence of the Haymarket ghost, for he declares that he distinctly saw the door of his office open and shut, and upon looking about could find no trace of any human being who could have done it."

I have only one comment to make on this story: *Shades of Night!*

K. H.



Mr. Cyril Maude.  
MESSRS. CYRIL AND RALPH MAUDE, AUTHOR AND EDITOR OF  
"THE HAYMARKET THEATRE."

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

\* "The Haymarket Theatre: Some Records and Reminiscences." By Cyril Maude. Edited by Ralph Maude. Grant Richards. 12s. 6d.

## DINNERS WITH SHAKSPERE.

BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



I.—"TO FEED AGAIN, THOUGH FULL."

## THE HUMOURIST IN THEATRE-LAND.



## AT THE LIBRARY.

DUDE: I say, look here, you know—how's "Little Mary" doing ?  
CLERK: Crammed every night, Sir !

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



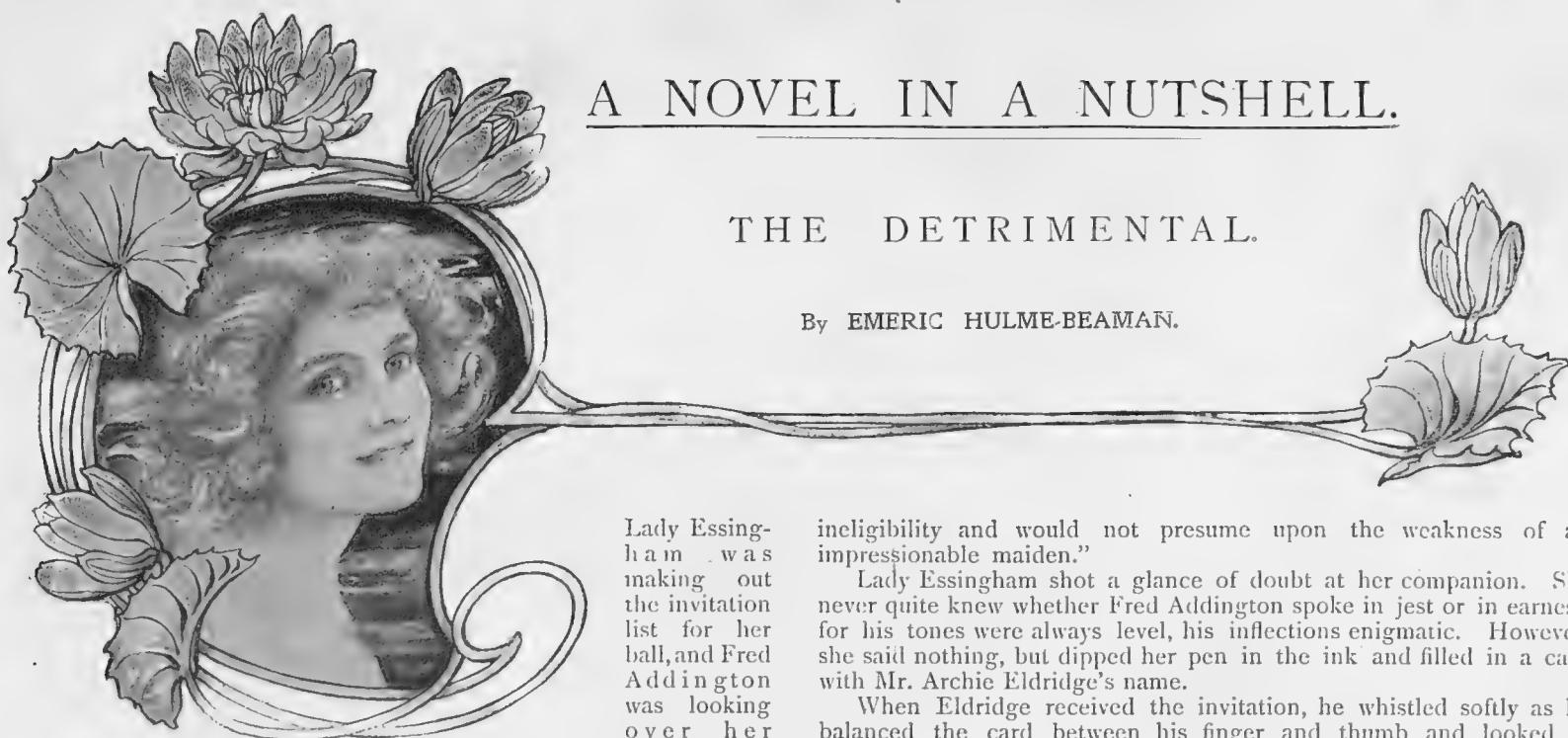
EXTRACT FROM SEVENTH LETTER (AIX-LES-BAINS):

"The Baron has somehow found out who I am. This afternoon, I was on the Terrace at the Cercle, when I heard my name, and saw him sitting at a table talking to a lady, apparently all about me. They seemed quite familiar and were calling each other by their Christian names. He has never told me that he was married . . .

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE DETERIMENTAL.

By EMERIC HULME-BEAMAN.



her Ladyship, biting her quill-pen thoughtfully, "that there are so few men in town just now!"

As a matter of fact, judging by the mathematical process of the census, there would probably have been found to be as many men in town at that particular moment as at any other; but "town," to Lady Essingham, was defined by a certain prescribed area of streets and squares inhabited by a certain five thousand or so of persons. And of these persons many had gone to the moors to shoot, some to the Mediterranean to yacht, others to Monte Carlo or Homburg to play, and, consequently, of the elect there were but a few who remained.

"If you *will* give balls in August," remonstrated Mr. Addington, "what *can* you expect?"

"I am aware it is unusual; but, my dear Fred, the Season, as you know, has been a late one. The recess, in fact, only commenced yesterday, and there is *some* distinction in giving the last ball of the Season, after all. Besides, it's Ethel's birthday," she concluded, vaguely.

"And Ethel will be—nineteen, or is it twenty?"

"Twenty," said her Ladyship, with a little shudder. "It positively makes one feel old."

"Nature has fortified you against the suspicion," said Mr. Addington, with the least suggestion of a smile.

"Of feeling old?" queried her Ladyship.

"Of looking old," explained her companion, with a bow. "Ethel inherits the same delightful peculiarity. No one would take her to be a day over seventeen."

"No; she is a mere child. I hoped to get her married during her first Season. What has come to the men? They are horribly backward—horribly! Men seem to have banded themselves into an Anti-Matrimonial League nowadays—they *won't* marry! But, as you say, she is a mere child."

"As you say," corrected Mr. Addington, mildly. "A pretty child, too, I admit. Why are you in such a hurry to get rid of Ethel?"

"I am not in a hurry. It is only natural that I should desire her to make a good match."

"What do you mean by a good match?"

"My dear Fred, the definition is surely superfluous."

"Money or a title—or, better still, both?"

Lady Essingham nodded approvingly.

"Inclination," smiled Addington, "must go for nothing, I assume?"

"Inclination? Nonsense!"

"Yes; a girl's inclination is generally nonsense. You do well not to encourage Ethel to form one."

"Certainly. But can you not suggest some more men?" added her Ladyship, reverting to the original point of discussion.

"Well," observed Addington, with an air of consideration, "there's Archie Eldridge."

"Oh, Archie Eldridge! The most risky man in London!"

"Risky! How?"

"I mean that he is too good-looking."

"Too good-looking! Is that an objection to a man?"

"In conjunction with another one, yes."

"The other one is—?"

"He is too poor."

"I see. A source of danger to *ingénues*."

"And Ethel has not got over the impressionable stage."

"Oh, you can trust Archie! He is quite conscious of his

ineligibility and would not presume upon the weakness of an impressionable maiden."

Lady Essingham shot a glance of doubt at her companion. She never quite knew whether Fred Addington spoke in jest or in earnest, for his tones were always level, his inflections enigmatic. However, she said nothing, but dipped her pen in the ink and filled in a card with Mr. Archie Eldridge's name.

When Eldridge received the invitation, he whistled softly as he balanced the card between his finger and thumb and looked at himself in the glass. For the first time in his life he was troubled by scruples of conscience. The experience was so novel as to be almost embarrassing. His chief concern for a month past had been to avoid Ethel Essingham, and here was an occasion for meeting her deliberately thrust upon him, against his own seeking, by no other than the girl's own mother! Was Lady Essingham a fool, or was this but a further glaring instance of the irony of circumstances? Luck had played him false all through. Luck had, in the beginning, set dead against him and marred his career from the first; luck had, by a sinister and preconcerted method of continuous pressure, discounted his best efforts to succeed and converted success into failure; luck had subjugated in him every active impulse, save the indomitable impulse to laugh at it and bid it do its worst. And now it seemed bent upon taking him at his word. It had brought him face to face with a girl whom he loved—and he mistrusted himself.

His position in London Society had been somewhat unique. He was an acknowledged "detrimental," and accepted on the sole understanding that he acquiesced in this estimate of himself, which he did willingly enough, caring little for the approbation of match-making matrons, and, indeed, appreciating quite fully the liberty conferred upon him by the title of "detrimental." It carried with it an immunity from responsibility, and permitted indiscriminate flirtation. His attentions could, happily, never be taken seriously. He had never contemplated the possibility of taking them seriously himself until he met Miss Essingham. Then (so strong is nature, so subversive of the best resolutions!) he fell in love—he, the detrimental! As soon as the truth of this discovery broke upon him in its full force, he did the only thing that he could do: he avoided the girl. For a whole month he avoided her with success, and even felt conscious of a certain glow of pride in this voluntary though inevitable abnegation. He derived satisfaction from the reflection that he was a martyr to circumstances; but, at the same time, he was not proof against the opposition to this martyrdom directly provided by circumstances themselves. To do him justice, he was a man of honourable instincts. On the other hand, he was a man of weak will, a man who had never stopped to count the cost of a moment's self-indulgence. He longed for just one more glimpse of the face that haunted his fancy, just one more sound of the voice that thrilled his memory, just one more touch of the hand that could never be his. There need be no harm in the gratification of so innocent a caprice. When argument had carried him to this point, he did not wait to think any longer. He went straight to his writing-desk and answered Lady Essingham's invitation. Mr. Addington had said, "You can trust Archie Eldridge"; but Mr. Addington worked from general conclusions and knew nothing of this particular case—suspected least of all that his friend, ex-subaltern of the Guards, whose safety had, so far, lain in his catholic affection for the sex, had accidentally committed the last weakness of the strong and fallen in love. Eldridge himself was wiser. He knew, and mistrusted his own strength of purpose. Yet, knowing and mistrusting, he wilfully accepted Fate's challenge, for if a detrimental may not be allowed to enjoy himself, who may? The enjoyment may be of a questionable kind, but that was his business, and he counted a moment's forbidden happiness of more worth than all the conventional pleasures of life put together. So he went to Lady Essingham's ball.

Ethel Essingham met him on the threshold of the ball-room with a downcast face. He noted with a guilty pleasure that the face was blushing.

"It is quite long," she murmured, in reply to his greeting, "since we have seen you."

"We?" said Eldridge, in an injured tone.

She pretended not to hear him. He took her programme, scanned it for a moment, then deliberately crossed out the names of two men and substituted for them his own.

"The fourth waltz is the only one you appear to have disengaged," he observed. "I will take that, too."

One of his privileges as a detrimental consisted in an easy arrogance of appropriation, and he was in the habit of exercising it to the full. His audacity found condonation in his handsome face. Miss Essingham would have protested if she could, but the protest died on her lips—drowned, it may be, by the beating of her heart. There was a conservatory leading out from the ball-room into the garden. Here Archie Eldridge found himself with Ethel Essingham an hour later.

"So," said he, by way of saying something in itself not compromising, "the Season is at an end."

"Yes."

The monosyllable escaped with a little sigh. He wondered if it were reminiscent or regretful—reminiscent of what had been or regretful that it might not be again. Perhaps, a little of both.

"At an end," he repeated, slowly, looking at her in the subdued light with an intensity quite spontaneous; "and yet, Miss Essingham, you are not—engaged?"

"Engaged?" She gave a little shudder, and supplemented it with a low, hysterical laugh. "No, I am not engaged. Why should I be?"

"There is every reason why you should be," he answered, emphatically. "You are young, you are lovely, you are—in fact, you are the sweetest girl in London. You *ought* to be engaged!"

He spoke with some warmth, as though the omission constituted a grievance of his own.

"I am sorry," she replied, mischievously, "to disappoint you; but, you see, it's not exactly—exactly my own fault, is it?"

"What do you mean?" demanded Eldridge.

"Do not humiliate me by extorting a direct explanation, I beg!" returned she, endeavouring to preserve a playful tone. But something in this very tone of hers, or, perhaps, in the droop of her eyes, the downward pose of her head, the heaving of her bosom, drove Eldridge on to his destruction.

"I have thought of nothing else, dear," he murmured, "for a whole month."

"Nothing else—Mr. Eldridge! What do you mean?"

"Than you. Forgive me—I did not mean to say it. Forgive me if you can; pity me if you will!"

She had half-risen, but his hand was on her wrist.

"Which is it to be—or both?" he asked, hotly. "Pity or forgiveness—Ethel—?"

"Stop, stop! You must not call me that!" she entreated. "Listen—the music! I must go."

"Then you hate me?" said Eldridge, letting her wrist fall.

"Oh, no—no!"

"Hate or love, which?" he demanded, almost fiercely. "One or the other. I will not have indifference."

It was tiger-wooing with a vengeance—but such is dear to girls: and generally, too, it is the quickest and most convincing; and this is a consideration when time has to be measured by the scraping of violins. Miss Essingham had risen to her feet and stood trembling before him.

"Please take me to the ball-room," she faltered.

"Which?" he repeated.

"Not indifference—oh, not indifference!" stammered the girl.

Eldridge laughed triumphantly. He had lived for that moment: it had come.

"Nor hate!" he said, bending down to her ear. "Now I will take you to the ball-room—dear!"

But no sooner had Eldridge exchanged the romantic atmosphere of the conservatory for the more prosaic one of the smoking-room than the reaction of common-sense set in, and he recognised the irretrievable folly of his conduct. It was, however, too late. With the recognition came also a sudden reckless determination to drain the cup, once tasted, to the dregs, and then—then to cast it away from his lips for ever.

They met again as the programme wore to its end.

"Come," said Eldridge, "let us go into the garden. The rooms are hot."

She lent a passive acquiescence, and under an August moon he stooped down and kissed her.

"That is the seal of my love, dear," he said, quietly. Then he sighed; for it was also the seal of his doom, and he was half-conscious of it.

"Ethel," he said, presently, "do you know what I am?"

"The dearest in the world!" she whispered back.

"I'm a detrimental," he said, with a short laugh. "It is forbidden that a girl should love me!"

She denied the implication with the gentlest hand-pressure.

"No, no!" he answered. "You must forget. You must marry—some other man!"

"I will never marry another man as long as you live," she said, slowly.

He gave the least possible start at the words.

"As long as I live!" he repeated, in a mechanical tone. "Why, child, that's absurd! I am only thirty-two. And," he added, "though I love you and though you love me, we cannot marry, you and I. Do you not know that?"

"Why?" she asked, simply, lifting her large eyes up to his in mute, maiden appeal.

"I am poor," he answered.

"What does that matter?" came the gentle response.

"You do not understand," he repeated, doggedly. "I am poor. You, who have been brought up in the lap of luxury, cannot marry a poor man."

"I have no ambition to be rich," replied Miss Essingham.

It was on the tip of his tongue to explain the situation more clearly, but pride stepped in. He drew her to him instead, and again kissed her.

"You are an angel!" he murmured. "But, dear little girl, the knowledge that you love me must be enough—it is a greater reward than I deserve. The memory of it will be the one sweet solace of my life, and you—you will forget me."

"Never—oh, never!"

There was, perhaps, a touch of melodrama in the effect; if so, it was at least spontaneous, unstudied, genuine. Neither of them was conscious of it; each happened to be (strange though it seem) terribly in earnest. It is in the most earnest moments of our lives that our eloquence is sometimes least. Except in novels, emotions do not always stimulate the faculty of verbal expression. Thus, it is rarely interesting to record the utterances of lovers.

Eldridge tightened his lips.

"You *must* forget me," he reiterated, with a dreary insistence.

"How cruel you are!" she murmured, surprised and wounded.

"Why did you make me love you only to tell me that?"

"Make you love me?"

The refrain rang in his ears for the rest of the evening; it troubled his imagination with self-recriminations and a sense of moral obliquity. Had he been to blame, after all? Obviously. There followed yet another brief and passionate interview, interrupted yet again, and for the last time, by the music of the string-band in the ball-room, and then Eldridge tore himself away. She had vowed herself to him, and, for her sake, it could not be. He remained now a living obstacle to the girl's happiness—at least, it seemed so to his perverted sense of the ethical relations between them. Assuming—merely an assumption—that he were out of the way, might she not (Ah, but the thought was bitter!), in time, regain her freedom of fancy? Her conscience could not then, at least, upbraid her with a want of loyalty; while now—now she admitted herself his, and his only, so long as he lived! As he crossed to the smoking-room, Addington met him.

"Why, Eldridge," said he, lightly, "you wear the look of a man at war with the world! Come and have a glass of champagne?"

Eldridge assented. He did not want to betray himself, even to his friend. He forced himself to exhibit something of his ordinary, irresponsible gaiety.

"Our *ingénue* looks well to-night," said Addington. "Her twentieth birthday—a pretty little girl, is she not?"

"Ethel Essingham? Oh, pretty enough! She should marry."

"She will—soon."

Eldridge started involuntarily.

"Soon?"

"That is my prophecy."

"Here's to its fulfilment!" laughed Eldridge, draining his glass. When he turned away, Addington followed his retreating figure with a smile.

"There goes the most heart-whole man in London," was his reflection. But Eldridge walked home, through the sultry summer night, burdened with thoughts that would have given Addington's reflection the lie. Ethel Essingham imagined him a poor man; as a poor man she was willing, none the less, to marry him. A certain shamefacedness had withheld him from telling her more than half the truth. He was worse than a poor man—he had literally nothing. Nothing, that is to say, beyond an array of liabilities which he could not meet and the knowledge that luck would never again smile upon any efforts he might make to retrieve his position. The time for that was past. There are men in the world who can conquer their luck; but there are others—and of these is the majority—who sullenly or cheerfully, as the case may be, accept it. Eldridge belonged to the latter class. One consideration weighed upon him with a clamorous pertinacity. She must be freed from her self-imposed vow. So, the next morning, he rose earlier than usual, after a short, sleepless night, and dressed carefully. He had not even her photograph to look upon; but her image was fresh upon his mind, and the low tones of her voice seemed still to linger in his ear. He glanced at his reflection in the glass, and nodded to it with mock cheerfulness.

"I'm only a detrimental," he laughed, "so it doesn't much matter, after all. Ta-ta, Archie, my boy! She'll miss me, perhaps, for a day or two, but—" He finished the sentence with a shrug, tried to smile—and sighed. Five minutes later there came the postman's double knock at the front-door: it was answered almost instantaneously by a sharp report.

Ethel Essingham was free.

Here, however, may be remarked a singular coincidence. The letter that the postman brought was from Archie Eldridge's family solicitor, and it informed him that the death of a distant relative had quite unexpectedly put him in possession of a very considerable inheritance. Philosophers might describe this as a notable instance of the irony of fate. But the detrimental, had he been able to comment upon the circumstance, would more likely have called it Bad Luck.

THE END.



## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WHAT is undoubtedly the principal new play-production of the present season takes place at 7.45 to-morrow (Thursday) at the Duke of York's—that is, supposing that arrangements fixed at the moment of writing these notes should not be disturbed. The production to which I allude is, of course, the "four-Act-and-an-epilogue" drama entitled "Letty."

This is the work of Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero, indisputably our leading living British dramatist. I have promised Mr. Pinero not to attempt to divulge any actual "points" of his story. I will therefore confine myself to stating that the action of "Letty" circulates around such well-known West-End spots as Baker Street and New Bond Street, involving such useful professions or "callings" as that of a restaurateur and a photographer. The action of the four Acts starts on a Saturday in mid-summer and occupies but a few hours. This action, however, I may tell you, is pretty crowded while

In this Shaksperian connection, a fresh venturer has just arisen in the shape of that long-popular reciter, Mr. J. H. Leigh, M.A., who will, on or about the 26th inst., present at the long-closed Court Theatre that "most alluring" of the Divine William's works, "The Tempest," a play, as I informed our readers a week or two back, that has for some time been contemplated by Mr. Tree. Mr. Leigh proposes to play Caliban himself, and to cast the remaining chief characters as follows: Prospero, Mr. Acton Bond; Stephano, Mr. A. E. Drinkwater; Trinculo, Mr. Hawley Francks; Ferdinand, Mr. Charles Lauder; Ariel, Miss Dorothy Firmin; and Miranda, Mrs. J. H. Leigh. It is not generally known that Mr. Leigh is head-lessee of the Prince of Wales' Theatre, and that he was to a large extent financially interested in Mr. Martin Harvey's season at that once-again musical playhouse.

In these days, when it behoves theatrical managers to look far ahead, it is no unusual thing for a manager to have at one time half-a-dozen plays underlined for production. Mr. Willard certainly believes in this policy, as, although "The Cardinal" is abundantly justifying his anticipations, he has in his possession five other dramas from which to choose its successor. These have been written for him by Messrs.

Stephen Phillips, J. M. Barrie, Comyns Carr, and Alfred Capus, the last-named of whom is responsible for two. Mr. Phillips's play is, as usual, cast in poetic form. There is no other similarity, however, between his forthcoming work and that by which he is already known to theatre-goers, for in the new play he deserts Biblical and mythological realms for those of a purely English nature. Turning to the stormy days of our history marked by the period 1640-1645, Mr. Phillips has woven a drama round the main incidents in the long-drawn-out strife between the Cavaliers and Roundheads. The scenes of the three Acts are laid in the Fenlands and on

the outskirts of Wakefield, the action being spread over a period of five years. Mr. Willard's part furnishes him with a powerful character-study. While some of the present members of the St. James's Company will appear in the representation of "Miriam" (as Mr. Phillips has entitled his play), the cast will be strengthened by a few newcomers. One of the most interesting of these prospective engagements is that of Miss Constance Collier.

Mr. Hugh Moss, the Principal of the Shakespeare School of Acting, recently founded by himself and Mr. Dudley Bennet, has had nearly twenty-four years' experience as stage-manager and director, and in that period has been responsible for original productions at nearly every important theatre in London and the provinces. He was stage-manager and producer for Mr. F. R. Benson at the Globe, and also for two years for the late Miss Sarah Thorne. When the Royal English Opera, now the Palace Theatre of Varieties, was built, Mr. D'Oyly Carte appointed Mr. Moss his stage-manager. There he produced Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Ivanhoe" on Jan. 31, 1891, when he was personally complimented on the stage by His Majesty the King. Mr. Moss next produced MM. Carré and Messager's opera, "La Basoche," at the same theatre. For this he made a series of visits to the libraries and museums of Paris, to study archaeological details. For the last five years Mr. Moss has been the stage-manager for the Opera at the Guildhall School of Music. He is author of "The Flirt's Dream," "Ruy Blas," and "Bootle's Baby," and, as an actor, has played some two hundred and fifty parts. The School of Acting is to be held at the Shakespeare Theatre, Clapham Junction.



MR. HUGH MOSS, PRINCIPAL OF THE SHAKESPEARE SCHOOL OF ACTING.

*Photograph by Swaine, Broadstairs.*

it lasts. Between the play proper and the epilogue two years and a-half are supposed to elapse. But these two years and a-half will, of course, not be shown in the manner in which that arch-wag, Henry J. Byron, showed that lapse of time in his once-famous burlesque, "The Lady of Lyons, Married—and Settled." He sent on two stalwart men, each carrying a board and representing a year apiece, and then a growing lad, who similarly indicated the half-year.

Those who are given to take anything like heedful note of things theatrical have, of course, observed that, whenever Sir Henry Irving or Mr. Beerbohm Tree presents any special Shaksperian revival, straightway quite a crop of similar revivals become visible in various quarters. Hardly has Mr. Tree got his beautiful revival of "Richard the Second" under way

at His Majesty's, when, lo, revivals—and rumours of revivals—of a similar kind begin to loom large upon the theatrical horizon. For example, within the last day or two I found Mr. Arthur Bourchier reverting to his "Othello"-reviving project, mentioned by me in these columns some few months ago. I understood Mr. Bourchier to say, however, that he does not intend to essay the character of the Moor of Venice just yet—not until after Christmas, at the earliest. He will, therefore, doubtless be anticipated in this exacting part by Mr. Lewis Waller, who, as I also stated a good while back, has resolved to play General Othello at the Imperial—his Shaksperian essay after that being the "star-crossed" Romeo.



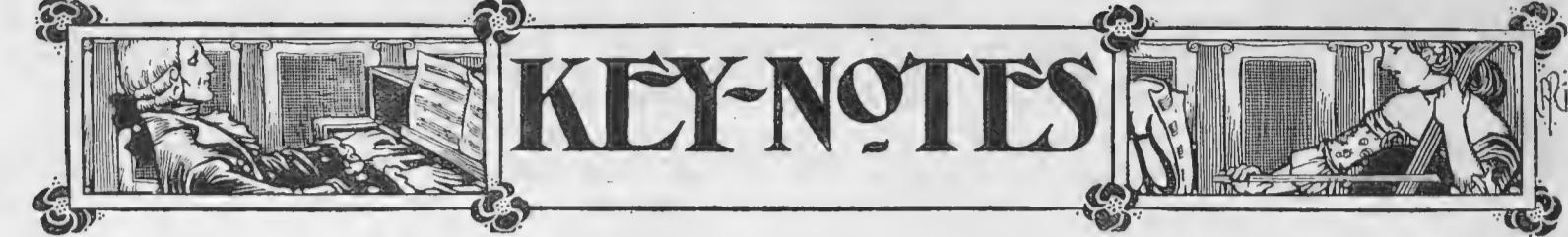
DAN LENO AT BOURNEMOUTH: FROM A SNAPSHOT TAKEN ABOUT A MONTH AGO.



MR. COOPER CLIFFE AS "DANTE" IN THE PLAY OF THAT NAME BY ALFRED C. CALMOUR.

*(See Page 412.)*

# KEY-NOTES



WHEN is Puccini going to give us another opera worthy of that modern Italian school which began so brilliantly and, apparently, has ended so quickly? Puccini was, so far as chronological order goes, the first of the Three Wise Men who came from the South; but the first to arrive on these shores was, of course, Mascagni. Everyone who is sufficiently old to remember a famous first-night must have carried away with him many reminiscences of the earliest production of "Cavalleria Rusticana." Then came the first performance of "I Pagliacci," about which the late Sir Augustus Harris was so extraordinarily excited that he strewed the stalls on the second night of its production with the various notices which had appeared in the morning and evening papers.

Puccini's arrival in Paris for the production of "La Tosca" seems to be quite upon another scale. "La Tosca" is most decidedly a well-written opera, and the score is without question one of remarkable ingenuity, although it does not amount to a fact of genius. Nevertheless, to have done one celebrated thing in a lifetime should be enough for most of us; it is only to the few that it is granted to produce masterpiece after masterpiece. Bach, Mozart, Purcell—that is a Trinity with a record which it is not easy to surpass, and we scarcely think that Puccini has it in him to break that record.

Mr. Joseph Bennett has a style of musical criticism which was so individual in the days of his prime that he practically set an example to musicians in this country who took up the more humble form of writing about their colleagues than indulging in their personal pleasure of composition. Sometimes it is without question a great sacrifice to do so, but Mr. Bennett has never (as the phrase runs) looked back from the plough, has worked steadily and brilliantly, fulfilling a measure of art which is too often unrecognised, which is often unthought-of by the creators of music, but which, in their own despite, settles for all time the question as to whether they occupy the thrones of those gods of whom Rudyard Kipling once sang so wonderfully.

Henley (as I just happened to refer to him, and as a reference may always be decently elaborated) once described Kipling as the "Banjo Poet of the Empire"; but (as the present writer happens to know) Henley was immensely surprised when he received certain lines from which I may be allowed now to quote—

They take their mirth from the joy of the earth,  
They do not grieve for her pain;  
They know of toil and the end of toil,  
They know God's law is plain;  
So they whistle the Devil to make them sport,  
Who know that sin is vain.

That is not "banjo poetry"; but, in making researches into the music of races who know not Wagner, it is astonishing to find how much the banjo element enters into the musical ideas of the nigger races in the world. It is not in my particular province to discuss the present success of "In Dahomey," which is now running with so conspicuous a success at the Shaftesbury Theatre. But I may be allowed to comment upon the extraordinary popularity with which the white population of this country has greeted the significance of that which, without any sort of insult, may be described as "nigger music." Here, indeed, is subject for thought.

Nowadays all the musical enthusiasm of Europe seems to run towards anniversary celebrations. Scarcely finished with our Grenoble Centenary Festivities of Hector Berlioz, we are compelled to glance Northwards to Berlin for Wagnerian birthdays. Berlin, unfortunately, however, seems to have come so far at the end of a somewhat tiresome chapter of events that the Festival has been something, one regrets to think, of a failure.

The fact is that Wagner's own ideas are beginning to go back upon the head of the author himself; he who loved to do by Beethoven and many another composer that which he seriously wished to be done by himself created a situation which has been adopted as universally as has his own musical accomplishment. The world is not, of course, tiring of Wagner; but one very much fears that the world is tiring of those things which do not belong to the avenues of music through which Wagner conquered the world.

Great things are to be accomplished at the Autumn Season of the Crystal Palace Concerts. M. Pachmann takes primary place, and is followed by Miss Marie Hall (whose advertisements on the walls of London are becoming as familiar as the outside pages of *The Sketch*); then we notice that Mr. Wilhelm Backhaus "and party" will make an appearance, although what "the party" of Mr. Wilhelm Backhaus can be one has not the slightest conception.

Kubelik and Busoni are included amongst the artists who are announced to appear, and among the vocalists will be Madame Blanche Marchesi and Mr. Denis O'Sullivan.

Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel have issued a new edition of Palestrina's works, and other "Revised Editions of the Classics" (as their phrase goes), which should give the greatest pleasure to every musician who takes his art seriously. The print is admirable; the careful manner in which the paging has been done is worthy of every praise; to sum up very briefly, the editors of the works deserve, so far as they have advanced, every word of approval, inasmuch as they have shown themselves to be the artists which these great men would surely have liked their editors to be.

I will deal with Breitkopf and Härtel's edition of Berlioz's "Faust" in this column next week.

COMMON CHORD.



MISS MARIE HALL, THE CELEBRATED VIOLINIST.  
Photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembridge Crescent, W.

Lord Howe, who has just been appointed to succeed Lord Colville of Culross in the important position of Queen Alexandra's Chamberlain, has long been a favourite at Court. As Lord Curzon, he and his accomplished wife, one of the good-looking aunts of the Duke of Marlborough, often entertained their Majesties both in London and in the country, and it is probable that the Queen will honour Gopsall with a visit during the coming winter or spring. Gopsall is said to be the most beautiful of Leicestershire seats; the gardens are remarkably fine, and contain the stone obelisk erected by Pope in memory of his mother, which bears the inscription, "Best of Mothers, most loving of Women, Farewell." The Queen's new Chamberlain, who was Treasurer of the King's Household until he succeeded to the title in 1900, is extremely musical; he is constantly at the Opera, and, when staying in his country home, likes to recall the fact that it was a one-time owner of Gopsall who arranged the text of the "Messiah" for Handel.



## THE MAN ON THE CAR

*The Trials—“On the Trail”—Lord Anglesey’s “Pullman”—Miss Dorothy Levitt.*

**I**N reviewing the daily running of the automobiles which took part in the late Thousand-mile Reliability Trials, one is struck and at first, it must be admitted, something shocked at the large percentage of vehicles which is found *hors de combat* before the end. But, as I have before suggested, the strenuous and searching



MISS DOROTHY LEVITT AND THE TWELVE HORSE-POWER GLADIATOR WHICH SHE DROVE IN THE RELIABILITY TRIALS.

character of the tests, coupled with the fact that much untried and assembled rubbish was entered, will account for what at first sight appears to be so large a proportion of failure to success. In fairness to established makes, a novice class should be introduced into the next series of trials, if any be held, and the public given to understand that they must regard this class as largely of an experimental character. This would relieve, and very justly relieve, manufacturing automobilism from the reproach that, when one hundred and four cars are started for a thousand-mile run, no less than thirty fall by the way, while the others suffer more or less from the slings and arrows of the fortunes of the road.

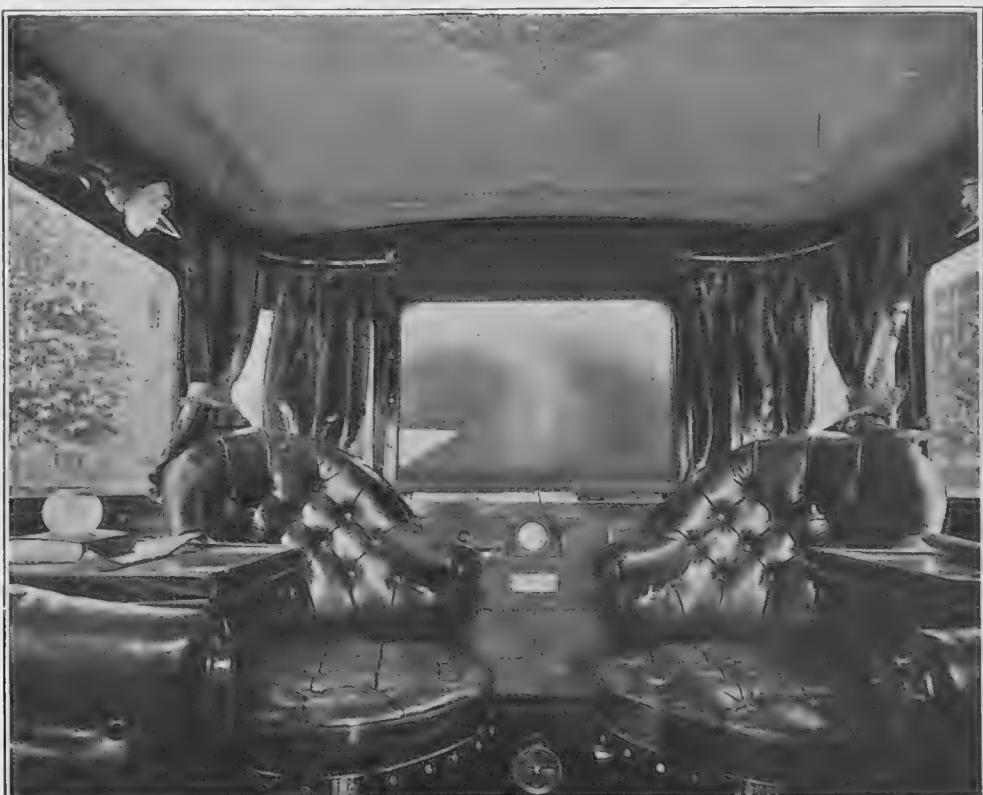
If I may hark back to the early features of the trials—to wit, the brake-tests—I should like to point out something which struck me as worthy of closer attention on the part of inventors and manufacturers. That was the undoubted inferiority in effect of the side hand-lever applied brakes, which take effect upon brake-drums either bolted to the spokes of the driving-wheels or attached to live axles, to the brake most frequently applied by foot-pedal and taking effect upon the vehicle sometimes through the gear and nearly always through the propeller-shaft and differential gear both in the case of gear-driven cars.

Sometimes, it is true, the side-brakes held equally well with the foot-brakes, but this was only in the case of a few first-class vehicles; with the majority, the side-brakes were far from being so efficient as they should be. Design or maladjustment, or both, may be at the bottom of this.

It is not possible to pass away, even temporarily, from the question of the Thousand-mile Trials without some reference to the action of the police, particularly of a section of the Hants Constabulary between Alton and Winchester on the penultimate day of the trials. In Kent, so far from seeking to embarrass operations, the police were stationed at sharp corners, and by warnings and directions did everything possible to facilitate the passage of the cars. In Surrey and Sussex, save for the purlieus of Worthing and of Horley on the days devoted to the Worthing and Brighton runs, the sight of a policeman was a rare thing; but upon the Winchester run, as I say, a section of the Hants Police strove earnestly and long to show how absurd, childish, and unmanly this thing called a Police Force can at times become. Between the points named the officers lurked and dodged behind bushes, wriggled up drain-pipes, cowered like cravens behind walls, and, altogether, carried on like a parcel of schoolboys emulating the Red Indians of Fenimore Cooper's novels. But that it might have been used against them, they would, I feel sure, have howled war-cries and executed war-dances at every fresh name-and-address scalp they demanded and obtained. And, what was worse, they showed temper, the nasty, uncontrollable temper of the land-hand when subjected to volleys of chaff the banter of which his rurally trained mind does not permit him to grasp. The result of this will be a batch of summonses to be heard shortly at Winchester.

The latest thing in cars is the Marquis of Anglesey's new "Pullman" Mors. The interior was completed from designs by Mr. Grahame-White and is a marvel of beauty and luxury. The whole of the woodwork is of polished mahogany, the windows have spring sun-blinds, there are four revolving arm-chairs upholstered in dark-red morocco leather, it is lighted by electricity, and has a heating apparatus for use in winter. The ceiling is decorated in Louis XV. style, the car is furnished with royal-blue plush curtains and bands, and the floor covered with a dark-crimson Wilton pile carpet.

Miss Dorothy Levitt and her 12 horse-power Gladiator have come through the reliability trials with flying colours. The only lady who ventured to enter for the series, her appearance was hailed with enthusiasm throughout the country-side, and she was undoubtedly the chief attraction with spectators, at any rate. Miss Levitt is no stranger in automobile circles. Some few months ago, she drove her car from London to Southsea and back without a stop, and in May of this year she took part in the London to Glasgow and back reliability trials.



A GORGEOUS MOTOR: INTERIOR OF THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY'S NEW "PULLMAN" MORS.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

*Kempton—The Duke of Richmond—National Hunt Season—Legislation—Futures—Riding Orders.*

IT is safe to predict a bumper attendance for the Kempton Park Meeting on Friday and Saturday, as the programme is a strong one and fields will be quite up to the average. The Sunbury enclosure is looking at its best just now. The green course, the autumn tints on the leaves, and the flowers in the Club Enclosure go far to make a sight worth seeing. Owners like to see their colours sported at Kempton, probably because the betting is always good. The Imperial Produce Stakes will bring out some of the best two-year-olds in training on Friday, and the winner may take some finding. The general opinion is that Messrs. Keene will win with either Bobrinski or Lancashire, but I have a big fancy for St. Amant, who may be able to give the weight away over this course. The Duke of York Stakes will bring out a large field of fairly good handicap performers, though many good horses have been coughing and are not likely to run. The Newmarket watchers think the race all over bar shouting for Soaraway, but, from information received, I shall go solid for Our Lassie, who is at her very best just now. The mare showed by her victory in the Oaks that she was a good one, and, if at her best, she ought to win cleverly on Saturday. General Cronje, who has disappointed more than once, is very likely to get a place.

The late Duke of Richmond was a well-known figure at the Goodwood Meetings, and it is only a few years since many of us stood on the lower lawn to watch the five Dukes in earnest conversation in the Goodwood House Stand. They were the late Duke of Richmond, the late Duke of Westminster, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Devonshire, and the Duke of Portland. The late Duke of Richmond always insisted on the Goodwood course being kept in tip-top order, which accounted for the going being good at all times. The present Duke is well known to racegoers. As a Steward of the Jockey Club, he did yeoman service at a time when certain Turf scandals filled the air. His Grace belongs to the reform school, and we shall presently see by the Goodwood improvements that he knows what is required to meet the wants of the public. I was sorry when the Goodwood Hunt had to be given up, and I do hope his Grace may once more be induced to carry the horn, as the local folk are fond of sport. Lord Settrington is a good sportsman, fond of shooting, angling, and hunting, and he is a regular attendant at the Goodwood Meetings, while his Grace's son-in-law, Mr. Leonard Brassey, is one of the ornaments of the Turf.

As I have before stated, the prospects for the coming season under National Hunt Rules are bright, and it is confidently expected that sport over the country will hum. Messrs. Pratt and Co. have taken a lease of the Newmarket Meeting and they intend to run the fixture on liberal lines. That they will make it a success goes without the saying, as they are smart business-people. Strong programmes are to be presented at Kempton, Sandown, Hurst Park, Lingfield, Gatwick, Folkestone, Windsor, and Plumpton, and South Country racegoers will have plenty of fun provided King Frost holds his hand. I am glad to hear that the Hawthorne Hill Meetings draw well. These are well fed from the Metropolis and are carefully managed. All, seemingly, that is wanted to make the jumping business a success are rules that are understandable of the people, capable and reliable jockeys, Stewards who know their business, and, last but by no means least, more

owners of respectability. The leather-slapping brigade who go for the selling races should be well looked after, and evildoers should receive one warning only—I mean, a warning-off. Jumping is a pretty sport when carried on by sportsmen only.

The Jockey Club at their last meeting elected Sir Blundell Maple a member, and I trust the popular sporting Baronet may long be spared to enjoy the Sport of Kings. Sir Blundell has spent a mint of money in his attempt to improve the breed of racehorses, and he has now one of the most valuable studs of thoroughbreds to be found in this country. The Jockey Club at their meeting also decided to put a stop to the doping of racehorses in this country, so we may be said to have seen the last of the American methods. Apart from its cruelty, which, I think, could have been punished by the law of the land, doping is terribly puzzling to the handicappers, who are driven to their wits' ends in trying to reconcile the form of some horses; and, instead of having a horse pulled, it is only necessary to let him run without a drug. I

am told that a certain horse was doped for a big handicap in this country some little time back, and it was necessary to telegraph to France for a certain gentleman to come over and administer the dose. The animal finished second in a very big field, and the stable lost a lot of money over the race.

Speculation will open out on the Autumn Handicaps after the decision of the race for the Duke of York Stakes, but speculators should delay their investments both on the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire until after Saturday's race. Zinfandel is much liked at Newmarket for the long race, but it will take him all his time to

give the weight away to such as Kano. Indeed, many think that Major Edwardes holds the key to the situation, and that he could win with either Wavelet's Pride or Kano. I am told that Maher would like to have the mount on the first-named, and he thinks the horse has a big chance. Fallon has a likely candidate in Lord Rossmore, who won like a smasher at Ascot. He is trained on some healthy downs, and I am told the stable has escaped the coughing epidemic so prevalent in the near neighbourhood. The Cambridgeshire puzzle becomes more and more puzzling every day, and I must fall back on a plan I have found very useful in dealing with this race over the last twenty-five years. It is to recommend the following of the best-backed horses on the day of the race when the numbers have gone up.

It is impossible to reconcile some of the form seen at racing of late, and I wonder the handicappers do not complain to the powers that be. Some owners do not hesitate to have their horses ridden by incompetent jockeys when they do not want them to win, while they take care to put up good riders when the money is down. These little matters require the careful attention of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who, I am assured, are anxious to keep the Turf pure, but who could hardly see everything that is going on unless they were to mix with the crowd. For instance, many people are supposed to back what the jockeys are going for on occasions, and it is possible at any race-meeting to watch the professional punters waiting for certain jockeys to go by in the parade and looking for the tic-tac instructions before proceeding to do business in the Ring. True, the jockeys have just received their riding orders, but these at times do not count.

CAPTAIN COE.



THE COUNTESS OF HOPETOUN AND HER SHETLAND PONIES.

Photograph by Reid, Wishaw.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

**C**HILL October, with its misty mornings, its gently dropping leaves, its pink and orange sunsets, has a beauty all its own in the country, though in town it is, perhaps, more an awkward month to live through than any other. The time has not yet quite come round for fireside, arm-chair nights, and cosy, lamp-lit afternoons.



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A NEW BOLERO TRIMMED WITH MOLESKIN.

The fashions are not absolutely defined, and winter plans generally are vague and nebulous as the drifts of moorland mists that hover above the trysting-places where we lunched with hungry "guns" in blazing August sunshine only five or six weeks ago. Everything pleasant passes so quickly in these poor islands boycotted by His Majesty the Sun. He comes, he sees, he vanishes, and we are left in exterior darkness, and consequent metaphorical gnashing of teeth, for another eight months by the clock. Philosophers tell us that old age has its compensations. So, doubtless, has a November fog. Yet who would not rather keep youth and the *joie de vivre* with which we once hunted butterflies in the sunshine? But as that may not be, let us take the goods the shop-windows provide and clothe ourselves as comfortably and becomingly as may be. On all sides are furs of every country and condition, and everywhere originality in their composition. Moleskin is mixed with ermine, sealskin is "applied" to grey squirrel, circles, crescents, or diamond-shaped spaces are ruthlessly cut out of costly pelts and filled in with guipure or embroidery. Extravagance of design seems the be-all and end-all of the furrier. Pelerine, stole, or jacket, as the case may be, is invariably overlaid with elaborate detail, which, while being *chic* and original, adds also very considerably to the price of these possessions. Dresses are beginning to be trimmed with fur also. I saw in Paris the other day a smoke-grey cloth, a dainty yoke of ermine bordered by narrow moleskin, let-in cuffs of the same, and a narrow side-panel to match. There was also a deep, rich-red cloth which went admirably with a bordering and square-cut tabs to form the basque of black baby-lamb, which was again fringed with ermine tails,

an extremely effective treatment, repeating itself around the "three-decker" skirt (once more revived) with immense success.

Evening-frocks as interpreted by the Parisian artist are object-lessons in daintiness, seeming to reflect at once the subtle, evanescent tones of a Greuse with the well-defined prettinesses of a Watteau. My mind's eye recalls many little masterpieces hastily glanced at in that recent visit to Elysia—or rather, Lutetia, or both. A pale cloudy-pink chiffon embroidered with chiffon rosebuds and leaves, each posy wreathed round with a circlet of white lace, was one. Another, in mauve mousseline-de-soie, with "coveys" of pale-grey silk butterflies—if one may use the word—in full flight over skirt and bodice, the belt of folded grey chiffon, with grey suède shoes and gloves. Number three, and most lovely of all, was a painted chiffon exquisitely toned in the various pale colours of sweet-pea—pink, white, mauve—with tiny blots, not spots, *bien entendu*, of purple; the belt was of pale mauve panne and completed a gown for a Hebe!

"Broderie Anglaise," as the French call it, and which we recognise as Swiss embroidery, is now in high favour, ousting even the Irish crochet so dear to our hearts and decorative as well. Collars, vests, yokes of the punctured cambric so dear to our grandmothers of "natty" memory appear on most fashionable frocks, and happy is she who owns the old-time under-sleeves or flounces of an early Victorian relative, for at the moment "Broderie Anglaise" is both expensive and difficult to acquire. Of course, it will be imitated and cheapened. *Cela va!* Meanwhile, "we others" who possess any of this admired material should make haste to wear it before it becomes the attainable of the imitative young person and is brought down to fourpence three-farthings a yard.

Though holiday-making sends even the pallid Londoner back to her urban environment with healthy tones of brown and red in her complexion, it too soon fades away, alack! in the dim, religious twilight, or rather, fog-light, of an English winter, and one becomes of a corresponding dulness by degrees and one's charms unbeautifully



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BLUE SERGE WITH GREEN EMBROIDERY.

less when not safeguarded by such preventive measures as modern enlightenment doth bestow. To Mrs. Pomeroy so many wise women go nowadays that her name in this connection occurs to one at once. Facial massage is her speciality, and so successful are her methods that clients are counted in hundreds who subscribe to their efficacy. If, therefore, you would keep the bloom on your cheek and the gleam in your eye and the glint on your hair and the curve on your swan-like throat, and all other subtleties of feminine attraction, visit Mrs. Pomeroy.

One of my first pleasures in returning to town will consist in what country cousins are wont to call "a round of theatres." Indeed, one's chief compensation in returning to this murky village after far-afield blissful holidays lies in cheery visits to the well-known haunts of Garrick, Gaiety, Drury, and the rest. Apropos, I hear great things of Oetzmann's upholstery at the former home of arts and graces and golden silences, Lady Arlington's grey, green, and gold boudoir being responsible for three pages of descriptive particulars from a newly married friend who begs my opinion as to whether she could live up to one like it on six hundred a-year! I must see that boudoir before I commit myself. Meanwhile, the same enterprising firm has "furnished" "The Flood-Tide" also, so that, between their red-plush Métropole and Mrs. Tree's black-tailed white dress, there must be some enlivening environment!

We ancient and musty, fusty Anglo-Saxons have to thank Brother Jonathan for many enlightenments, but for none more than the imitable footgear which he has sent over the "herring-pond," in grateful emulation, no doubt, of our first present of a population in the *Mayflower*. By all accounts, those worthy Puritans were not great experts of shoe-leather or other vanities. But their descendants are, and the known excellence of Transatlantic boots was promptly acknowledged here by the immediate success of the American Shoe Company in London and the big towns, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, and Leamington, where they have since been established. At the greatly enlarged premises of 169, Regent Street, the Company's chief dépôt, most exquisite examples of dainty boots and shoes are always on exhibition which are quite interesting studies of the perfection to which this once-neglected essential has now been brought. The mere perusal of their price-list, with its various specialities in ladies', children's, and men's boots and shoes, is extremely interesting, and shopping from the country can be easily effected thereby, while the Londoner has really no excuse for going slipshod in view of the attractions set forth at such very get-at-able prices. A lately introduced novelty, combining *chic* and comfort, is the patent kid which is called "Corona Colt," and, while being as bright as patent calf, is really as soft as kid and is guaranteed to wear *double* the time of all other patent leather. To all of which there can be only one moral.

SYBIL.

## ON THE TABLE.

"*The Island of Sorrow.*" By George Gilbert. (Long. 6s.)—A story woven round Robert Emmet and the Irish Rebellion of 1798.

"*Our Lady's Inn.*" By J. Storer Clouston. (Blackwood. 6s.)—A modern novel the scene of which is laid in a little Scotch village.

"*When I was Czar.*" By A. W. Marchmont. (Ward, Lock. 6s.)—A sensational Russian story.

"*Benjamin Disraeli.*" By Wilfrid Meynell. (Hutchinson. Two Vols. 21s.)—The author describes this as "an unconventional biography," and he has sought to make this a study of Lord Beaconsfield as a man of temperament, and a record of his moods, motives, and aims in social rather than public affairs.

"*A Splendid Impostor.*" By Fred Whishaw. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)—An exciting story of Poland.

"*The Master of Gray.*" By H. C. Bailey. (Longmans. 6s.)—A story of Mary Queen of Scots.

"*The Pikemen.*" By Dr. S. R. Keighley. (Hutchinson. 6s.)—A story of the Great Rising.

"*Two Awheel.*" Arthur Jose. (Dent. 3s. 6d.)—A story not only of "two awheel," but of "some others afoot in Australia." Some of the sketches have already appeared in the *Sydney Morning Herald*.

"*The Woman's View.*" By Herbert Flowerdew. (Grant Richards. 6s.)—A novel about marriage" is the sub-title of this book, and it contains three hundred and forty-five pages of extremely small print.

"*Donatello.*" By Lord Balcarres. (Duckworth. 6s.)—A biography written "to determine the position and character of Donatello's art in relation to that of his contemporaries and successors." The book contains some extremely interesting illustrations.

"*Burlesques from Cornhill to Grand Cairo and Juvenilia.*" By William Makepeace Thackeray. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)—This volume belongs to Macmillan's series of "The Works of Thackeray," reprints of the first editions, with all the original illustrations.

"*Crabbe.*" By Alfred Ainger. (Macmillan. 2s.)—"English Men of Letters" series.

"*The Five Nations.*" By Rudyard Kipling. (Methuen. 6s.)—A new book of verse containing many reprints.

"*Albrecht Dürer.*" By L. Jessie Allen. (Methuen. 2s. 6d.)—The second volume issued in the series "The Little Books on Art."

"*The Three Musketeers.*" "*The Corsican Brothers.*" "*Georges.*" "*Amaury.*" "*The Prince of Thieves.*" "*Robin Hood.*" By Alexandre Dumas. (Methuen. 6d. each.)—These six paper-covered translations are the *avant garde* of a new and complete issue of the romances of Alexandre Dumas, which number over seventy. "*The Three Musketeers*" contains a long introduction by Andrew Lang.

"*The Tenant of the Grange.*" By Morice Gerard. (Cassell. 6s.) "*The Black Rock of Trenwith.*" By Richard H. Starr. (Russell. 6s.) "*Where Love Is.*" By William J. Locke. (Lane. 6s.) "*Prior's Roosting.*" By Ella Fuller Maitland. (Smith, Elder. 6s.) "*Petronilla Heroven.*" By Una L. Silberbad. (Constable. 6s.) "*A Butterfly.*" By Iza Duffus Hardy. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)—Modern novels.

The Great Northern Railway Company have made many important alterations in their train-service. The 5.15 a.m. down express from King's Cross has ceased to call at Finsbury Park, Peterborough, Newark, and Bawtry, and has been accelerated. An additional express will leave King's Cross daily at 5.20 a.m. for Peterborough, Grantham, Doncaster, Wakefield, Leeds, Bradford, York, &c. Many other alterations have been made and the local services have also been revised. Breakfast or luncheon cars are attached to the various expresses.

## A MAGNIFICENT CENTREPIECE.

This beautiful centrepiece has just been purchased by the Norfolk Regiment as a souvenir of the War in South Africa. It is of massive solid silver, weighing nearly one thousand ounces, entirely hand-made. The modelling of the four figures round the column is identical in every detail with the uniforms of the regiment. Britannia, which is the crest of the Norfolks, stands out very prominently at the top, while four views descriptive of the recent War surround the base, under which is a laurel wreath with a list of engagements the regiment has taken part in. It is a handsome piece of work, and does credit to its makers, who are that eminent firm of silversmiths, The Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, 188, Oxford Street, and 125 and 126, Fenchurch Street.



A SOUVENIR FOR THE NORFOLK REGIMENT.

Why is it that no serious effort has been made to create a winter season at Folkestone? While the temperature is not so mild as at some other Southern resorts, Folkestone is always bracing. Some of the big hotels on the Leas have been partially deserted during the season, and it is noticeable that the palatial Hôtel Métropole is making a special effort to attract a larger number of visitors in the autumn and winter to Folkestone. It will provide a series of entertainments, including dances in the ball-room, orchestral performances, &c. During the present week, Miss Kate Erskine, late of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, will sing in the Lounge Hall every evening.

Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. have just published the final volume—"Contributions to *Punch*"—of their complete and authorised edition of Thackeray's Prose Works. The set contains nearly three hundred illustrative drawings especially prepared by Mr. Charles E. Brock, besides a unique collection of Thackeray portraits and a large number of the original illustrations.

Miss Myra Hess, daughter of Mr. Frederic S. Hess, is a very talented young pianist. At the age of seven she obtained a Trinity College certificate for theory and sight-reading, and five years later gained the Steinway Scholarship at the Guildhall School of Music. Miss Myra, who is now thirteen, has just won the Ada Lewis Scholarship, which entitles her to three years' free tuition at the Royal Academy.

*Bibby's Quarterly* Autumn Number should be interesting to others besides those engaged in agricultural pursuits. "Man—Visible and Invisible," with its clever diagrams, will delight Theosophists, and, among other illustrations in colour, Mr. Ben Austrian's "Born into a New World" is beautifully reproduced, while that well-known *Sketch* contributor, Mr. Gunning King, is responsible for several cattle-pictures which are lifelike in the highest degree.

Dramatic students of Shakspere will appreciate the latest series of the poet's works that is being published by Messrs. William Collins, Sons, and Co., Limited, London and Glasgow, under the general title of "The Stage Shakespeare." The volumes—each of which contains an Introduction by Mr. Austin Brereton, a well-known authority on this subject—are daintily bound, clearly printed, and illustrated with special plates. The price of each volume is a shilling nett.

The service of through expresses which the Midland Company recently put into operation in each direction between Harrogate and London is to be maintained during the months of October, November, and December. Through trains will leave St. Pancras at 11.30 a.m. and 1.30 and 5 p.m., with luncheon or dining cars attached. In the opposite direction, through expresses will leave Harrogate at 10.25 and 11.30 a.m. and 1.35 and 5.30 p.m., with luncheon and dining accommodation. The time occupied by the best trains will be 4 hours 35 min. and 4 hours 45 min. respectively.

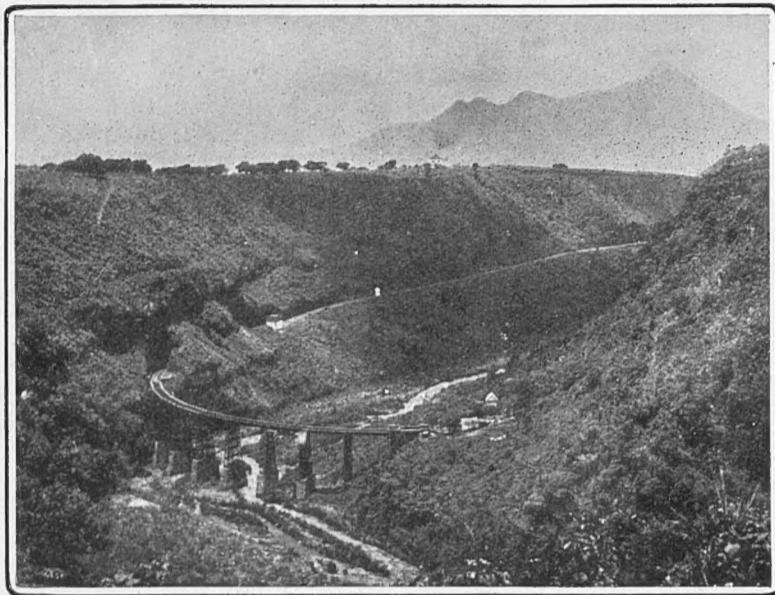
Æolian Hall, New Bond Street, formerly known as the Grosvenor Galleries, has now been opened by the Orchestrelle Company, manufacturers of the well-known Pianola, who have secured the premises. For some six months the building has been in the hands of the builder, during which time practically the whole of the interior has been remodelled. In future the Orchestrelle Company's entire London business will be conducted from Æolian Hall. Situated as it is in the centre of fashionable London, the Concert Hall which forms part of the property, and which is to be opened shortly, will be certain to find popular favour.

## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 13.*

## RETURNING COMMON-SENSE.

WITH the close of the nineteen-day account, let us hope we have seen the end of the complete pessimism which has dominated the Stock Markets for the last few weeks. After such a shrinkage in values as the past months have effected, it is not to be expected that things should suddenly become prosperous; but there can be no doubt that the tone to-day is much better than at the



MITLAC BRIDGE, MEXICAN RAILWAY.

time our last notes were penned, so much so that most people think we have seen the worst. Consols, which were down well below 87, are now 88½, and other investment stocks, such as Colonials, are all capable of being dealt in, which is more than could be said a few days ago. If the Yankee position would only clear up, there appears a reasonable prospect of an all-round improvement. A big Wall Street smash would send us back to a general state of unhappiness again, and it is here that the danger lies, for very few people on this side of the Atlantic really know what is the inner truthfulness of the Yankee position. All that can be said is that at the moment the conditions look decidedly cheerful.

## THE COMMANDERED GOLD.

The treatment of the Standard Bank of South Africa and the other Banks who suffered at the hands of the late Transvaal Government is, to say the least of it, shabby.

In the early days of the War, Mr. Kruger asked for loans from the Banks, and offered to deposit native gold as security. On the advice—practically instructions—of the High Commissioner, and to avoid assisting the enemies of their country, the Standard Bank refused the request, with the result that Mr. Kruger commandeered £255,000 without any security, the new Transvaal Government repudiates all liability, and the Bank has to lose its money. From every point of view, in our opinion, the position taken up is bad policy. Had the Bank not followed Lord Milner's advice, Mr. Kruger would have got his money, and the Bank would have received its security and lost nothing; as it is, the High Commissioner gave little or no inconvenience to the enemies of this country, but caused its citizens to lose their money, and, upon the plea of repudiating the War-debts of the late Boer Government, the Bank is left in the lurch. The lesson will not be forgotten, for patriotism to the tune of a quarter of a million is an expensive luxury in which even the most loyal do not like indulging. Even the Standard Bank would certainly not have followed Lord Milner's advice, had its Directors known that they did so entirely at their own risk.

## OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

The Stroller sauntered down Throgmorton Street just after the close of the House a few nights ago. He wanted to see his broker, but pulled up at Shorter's Court with the idea of getting information, as usual, on the strictly cheap.

Bustling and noisy, the Yankee Market hardly invited an unprofessional visit, but our friend leant against one of the stone walls outside the famous Court and began to listen to an eager group in front of him whose members were discussing the situation.

"You can say what you like," one was declaring, "but you can't get away from the fact that New York is in anything but a nice state."

"Isn't New York the capital of a State of the same name, Johnnie?" he was quizzed.

"Joking and geography apart," retorted the first to speak, "I maintain that the cause for the greatest anxiety is over the water and not here at all."

"Oh, we know that the position is perfectly sound on this side—" "I shouldn't go so far as to say *that*," was the emphatic reply. "The Stock Exchange may be able to struggle over a few nasty settlements, but some weakness must of necessity remain behind."

"Until public demand takes at least part of the stock out of the hands of those people who have taken it over from their weaker brethren," suggested a man who had so far been silent, whereupon another added—

"It seems to me that a good deal of the recent shuffling of stocks is simply shifting loans from one account and from one bank to some other."

"In which case we are thrown back upon our old game of waiting till the public come in to relieve the financial houses."

"Whistling for a wind of business, to put it another way," chimed in a new-comer who had just joined the group.

At that moment The Stroller caught sight of his broker, and, seizing his arm, exclaimed, "I was just coming to see you! Are you very busy? Going back to the office at once?"

"Just for half a jiffy," replied the broker, colloquially. "Will you come back with me, or do you feel inclined for a tonic?"

"I'll meet you at Goodwyn's in five minutes, eh?" proposed The Stroller, and, as the House-man hurried away, our friend bought a paper and stopped to light a cigar outside New Court.

"Now then, five Ordinary!" cried a little man with a cheerful face. "Anybody want to deal in five Ordinary? Look here!"—and he stopped a passing broker—"are you sure you don't want to have a dash?"

"I'd sell Trunks sooner than buy them," was the reply.

"Not you! I'd rather be a bull and bay the moon than such a bear. My boy, the market's right for a rise."

And our friend hied him over the way to Goodwyn's.

"Here's tae's," quoted the broker, as they leant their arms on the counter and surveyed the rich red of the port.

"Wha's like us?" returned The Stroller. "Never mind the rest. Well, how are things with you?"

"Still horribly slack—beastly slack, infernally slack," the broker cheerfully replied.

"I can't see that there's much inducement even now for the public to what you call come in," pursued The Stroller.

"Candidly, I must admit that I think you're right. Although, mind you, I am convinced that this is a good time for picking things up cheaply." And he absent-mindedly took up a Gourdoulis and lit it.

"What kind of things?"

"Anything you like," responded the broker, somewhat vaguely.

"You mean in the speculative markets, I presume?"

"Not only there; all over the House. Look how absurdly cheap the Transvaal Loan is. You can buy it now at a discount, and there's thirty shillings dividend payable on Nov. 1."

"It's not fully paid yet, is it?"

"No; there will be 70 per cent. paid when the interest falls due. Keep it till Nov. 2 next year and you will have received £4 10s. in interest from a stock guaranteed by the Imperial Government, as safe as the Empire, and standing at a discount."

"It looks cheap," commented The Stroller. "And those speculative stocks?"

"I must admit I'm still a frank bull so far as Kaffirs are concerned. In my view, prices won't go much lower, and they're positively bound to recover."

"When?"

"Ah, there you've got me! My own idea says the middle or end of December."

And there they sat talking shop columns long, which only the exigencies of space prevent us from transcribing for the benefit of the long-suffering reader.

## FOREIGN RAILWAYS.

Attention may again be directed to the possibilities held out by a present purchase of Mexican Railway stocks, the prices of which are indubitably depressed beyond the fair line of reason, even allowing



MEXICAN NATIVE INDIAN HUT.

for that semi-crisis in the Stock Exchange which has only just been disposed of. With silver at its current level and every prospect of the price advancing further fractions, the Mexican Railway Company should be able to make an excellent showing at the end of its financial year, while the traffics of the line are seconding the price of silver in giving cause for encouragement to holders of the stocks. The First Preference should stand a full ten points higher, but once more we have to add that the market is a most depressing one to those who gamble for differences only, and that the Company's securities should be taken up and paid for. The same remark applies in a lesser degree to the Argentine Railway section. Here the speculator may rely upon getting a run for his money in such stocks as Buenos Ayres and Rosario, or Argentine Great Western. We think it is a pity that the deal between the latter Company and the Bahia-Blanca should have been declared off with such busquerie and absence of explanation, because incidents of this kind only tend to frighten the speculative investor, whose support is, of course, an invaluable assistance in days of stress. The good report of the Buenos Ayres and Rosario Company, together with the respectable dividends now being declared by undertakings in the Argentine Railway Market, makes many stocks worthy of consideration on the part of those whose fancy leads them to accept a fair risk for the sake of obtaining substantial returns upon their capital.

#### IN THE KAFFIR KRAAL.

Were we able to discern any sign in the Kaffir Market's sky that the big houses are about to make a move towards putting prices up, we should have no hesitation in advising purchases now of the soundest South Africans, but there is no indication of any such thing. Without this inside support, each little spurt in prices will, no doubt, be succeeded by that process of sliding away which wears out the heart of the Kaffir speculator, and finally induces him, as a rule, to cut his losses somewhere near the bottom prices. So many hopes hang upon the report of the Native Labour Commission that the cautious are beginning to question the certainty of any revival coming even when the document is presented to the world. From preliminary news that has leaked out in regard to the report, it would appear that, although the necessity for importing alien labour will be frankly faced, the means of obtaining that labour may turn out considerably more expensive than was at first supposed, and that the importation is likely to be a matter of months rather than of weeks. But, after all, the point lies less in the time that it will take for the experiment to be made, than in the economical working of that experiment when at last it becomes permitted, and, as we have contended for months past, alien labour is assured on the Rand. From what we hear on all sides, it rather looks to us as though the Kaffir magnates were fitting two strings to their bow, so that, if the Chinese labourer should turn out a failure, he may be replaced by Kaffir workmen who, if report speak truthfully, are present on the field in quite sufficient numbers to do all the work which is required to keep going half as many stamps again as are now in operation. For the moment, there is nothing to be done in the Kaffir Circus so far as speculation is concerned, but the wary buyer who can pay for his shares has a fine field spread in front of him for his enterprise.

Saturday, Oct. 3, 1903.

#### FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

##### Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALIQUIS.—We have no faith in Zambesia. The other three are speculative, especially the West Australian, but in a general revival all would go better. Buy a few more Goldfields to average if those you hold cost much above present price.

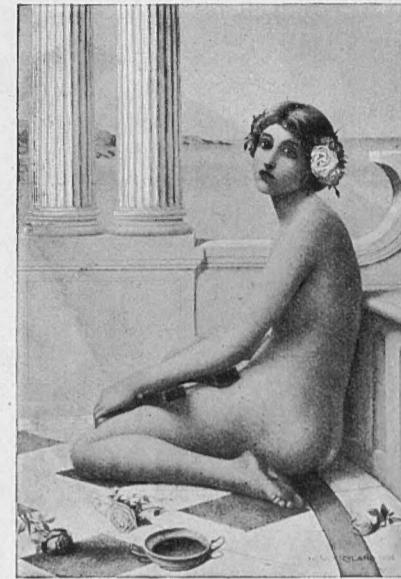
LOOK OUT.—There is no chance of redemption so long as the stock is below par. The Government is not bound to redeem, but may do so if it likes.

J. R.—(1) There does not seem much chance of a rise until the labour question is settled; but the concern is a good one, and, if you will hold, a few more at present price won't hurt you. (2) We prefer Grand Trunk Second Pref.

VULCAN.—We have no faith in either concern. The Vulture Company's dam has broken, hence no return last month. News of re-starting expected daily.

G. W. M.—(1) We will make inquiries. (2) The mines should be held, the oil is very speculative, both industrials and the Mexican Railway debentures are fair investments, and the same can be said of the Rescission Bonds.

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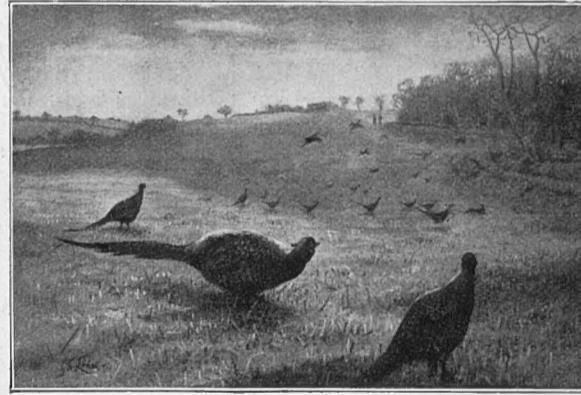
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